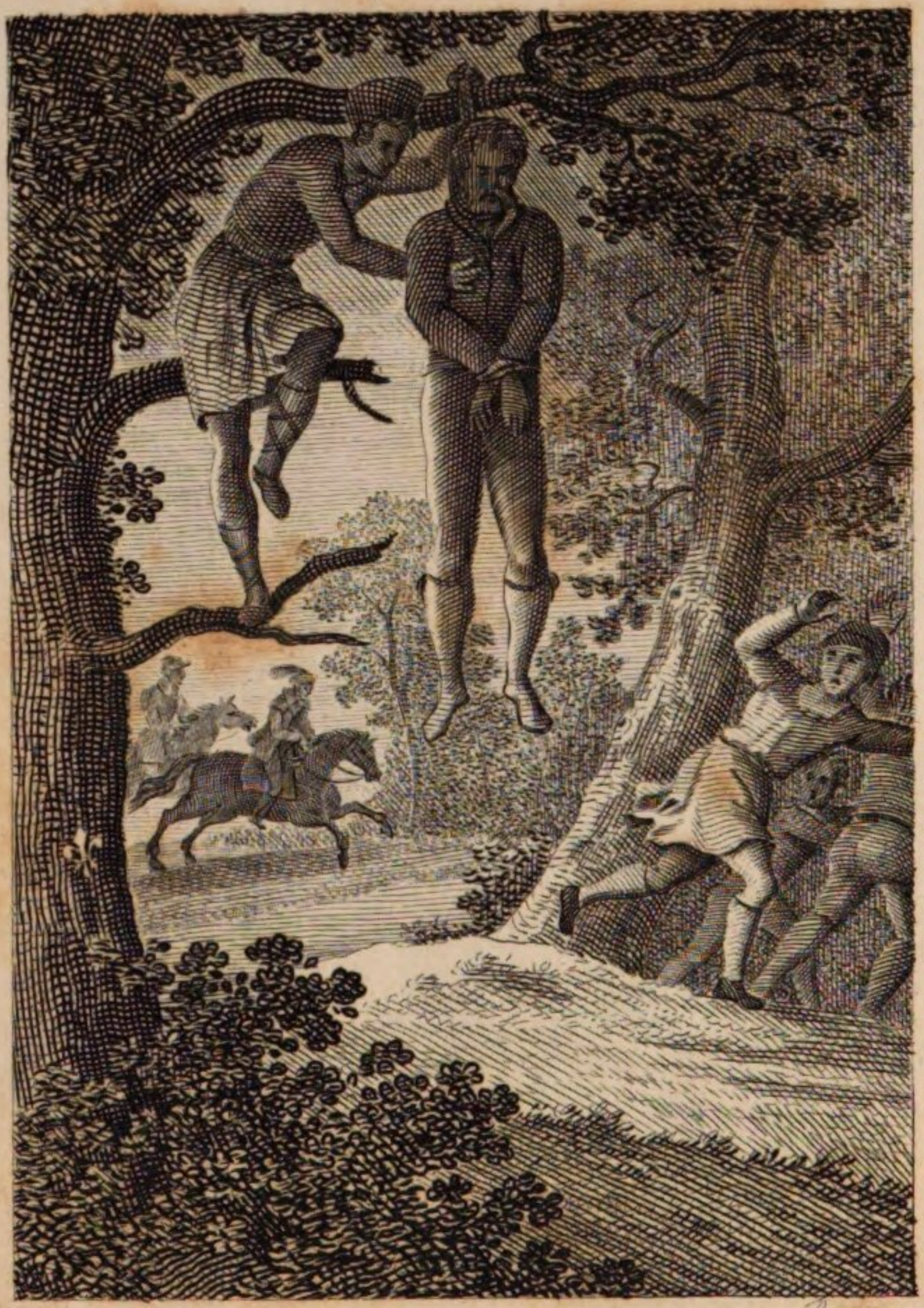

R. 1834

*Durward, Vol. I.*

THE

# WORKS

OF

## WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

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Vol. LXXI.

ROMANCES Vol. LXII.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1824.

# QUENTIN DURWARD.

## BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

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*La guerre est ma patrie,*
*Mon harnois ma maison,*
*Et en toute saison*
*Combattre c'est ma vie.*

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ZWICKAU,
PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.
1824.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

# INTRODUCTION.

*And one who hath had losses — go to.*

*Much Ado about Nothing.*

When honest Dogberry sums up and recites all the claims which he had to respectability, and which, as he opined, ought to have exempted him from the injurious appellation conferred on him by Master Gentleman Conrade, it is remarkable that he lays not more emphasis even upon his double gown, (a matter of some importance in a certain ci-devant capital which I wot of,) or upon his being «a pretty piece of flesh as any in Messina," or even upon the conclusive argument of his being «a *rich* fellow enough," than upon his being *one that hath had losses*.

Indeed, I have always observed your children of prosperity, whether by way of hiding their full glow of splendour from those whom fortune has treated more harshly, or whether that to have risen in spite of calamity is as honourable to their fortune as it is to a fortress to have undergone a siege, — however this be, I have observed that such persons never fail to entertain you with an account of the damage they sustain by the hardness of the times. You seldom dine at a well-supplied table, but what the intervals between the Champagne, the Burgundy, and the Hock, are filled, if your entertainer be a monied man, with the fall of interest and the difficulty of finding investments for cash, which is therefore lying idle on his hands; or, if he be a landed proprietor, with a woeful detail of arrears and diminished rents. This hath its effects. The guests sigh and shake their heads in cadence with their landlord, look on the sideboard loaded with plate, sip once more the rich wines which flow around them in quick circulation, and think of the genuine benevolence, which, thus stinted of its means, still lavishes all that it yet possesses on hospitality; and, what is yet more flattering, on the wealth, which, undiminished by these losses, still continues, like the inexhaustible hoard of the generous Aboulcasem,

to sustain, without impoverishment, such copious evacuations.

This querulous humour, however, hath its limits, like to the conning of grievances, which all valetudinarians know is a most fascinating pastime, so long as there is nothing to complain of but chronic complaints. But I never heard a man whose credit was actually verging to decay talk of the diminution of his funds; and my kind and intelligent physician assures me, that it is a rare thing with those afflicted with a good sound fever, or any such active disorder, which

> With mortal crisis doth portend
> His life to appropinque an end,

to make his agonies the subject of amusing conversation.

Having deeply considered all these things, I am no longer able to disguise from my readers, that I am neither so unpopular nor so low in fortune, as not to have my share in the distresses which at present afflict the monied and landed interest of these realms. Your authors who live upon a mutton chop may rejoice that it has fallen to three-pence per pound, and, if they have children, gratulate themselves that the peck-loaf may be had for sixpence; but we who belong to he tribe which are ruined by peace and plenty—

we who have lands and beeves, and sell what these poor gleaners must buy — we are driven to despair by the very events which would make all Grub-street illuminate all its attics, if Grub-street could spare candle-ends for the purpose. I therefore put in my proud claim to share in the distresses which only affect the wealthy; and write myself down, with Dogberry, «a rich fellow enough," but still «one who hath had losses."

With the same generous spirit of emulation, I have had lately recourse to the universal remedy for the impecuniosity of which I complain — a brief residence in a southern climate, by which I have not only saved many cart-loads of coals, but have also had the pleasure to excite general sympathy for my decayed circumstances among those, who, if my revenue had continued to be spent among them, would have cared little if I had been hanged. Thus, while I drink my *vin ordinaire*, my brewer finds the sale of his small-beer diminished — while I discuss my flask of *cinque francs*, my modicum of port hangs on my wine-merchant's hands — while my *coutelet a-la-Maintenon* is smoking on my plate, the mighty sirloin hangs on its peg in the shop of my blue-aproned friend in the village. Whatever, in short, I spend here, is missed at home; and the few sous gained by the *garçon*

*perruquier*, nay, the very crust I give to his little bare bottomed, red-eyed poodle, are *autant perdu* to my old friend the barber, and honest Trusty, the mastiff-dog in the yard. So that I have the happiness of knowing at every turn, that my absence is both missed and moaned by those, who would care little were I in my coffin were they sure of the custom of my executors. From this charge of self-seeking and indifference, however, I solemnly except Trusty, the yard-dog, whose courtesies towards me, I have reason to think, were of a more disinterested character than those of any other person who assisted me to consume the bounty of the Public.

Alas! the advantage of exciting such general sympathies at home cannot be secured without incurring considerable personal inconvenience. „If thou wishest me to weep, thou must first shed tears thyself," says Horace; and, truly, I could sometimes cry myself at the exchange I have made of the domestic comforts which custom had rendered necessaries, for the foreign substitutes which caprice and love of change have rendered fashionable. I cannot but confess with shame, that my home-bred stomach longs for the genuine steak, after the fashion of Dolly's, hot from the gridiron, brown without, and scarlet when the knife is applied; and all the delicacies of Vere's *carte*, with his thousand various ortho-

graphies of *Biffsticks de Mouton*, do not supply the vacancy. Then my mother's son cannot delight in thin potations; and, in these days when malt is had for nothing, I am convinced that a double *straick* of John Barleycorn must have converted „the poor domestic creature, small-beer," into a liquor twenty times more generous than the acid unsubstantial tipple, which here bears the honoured name of wine, though, in substance and qualities, much similar to your Seine water. Their higher wines, indeed, are well enough — there is nothing to except against in their Chateau Margout, or Sillery; yet I cannot but remember the generous qualities of my sound old Oporto. Nay, down to the *garçon* and his poodle, though they are both amusing animals, and play ten thousand monkey-tricks which are diverting enough, yet there was more sound humour in the wink with which our old village Packwood used to communicate the news of the morning, than all Antoine's gambols could have expressed in a week, and more of human and dog-like sympathy in the wag of old Trusty's tail, than if his rival, Toutou, had stood on his hind-legs for a twelvemonth.

These signs of repentance come perhaps a little late, and I own (for I must be entirely candid with my dear friend the Public), that they have been somewhat matured, by the perversion of

my niece Christy to the ancient Popish faith by a certain whacking priest in our neighbourhood, and the marriage of my aunt Dorothy to a *demi-solde* captain of horse, a ci-devant member of the Legion of Honour, and who would, he assures us, have been a Field-Marshal by this time, had our old friend Buonaparte continued to live and to triumph. For the matter of Christy, I must own her head had been so fairly turned at Edinburgh with five routes a-night, that, though I somewhat distrusted the means and medium of her conversion, I was at the same time glad to see that she took a serious thought of any kind; — besides, there was little loss in the matter, for the Convent took her off my hands for a very reasonable pension. But aunt Dorothy's marriage on earth was a very different matter from Christian's celestial espousals. In the first place, there was two thousand three-per-cents as much lost to my family as if the sponge had been drawn over the national slate — for who the deuce could have thought aunt Dorothy would have married? Above all, who would have thought a woman of fifty years' experience would have married a French anatomy, his lower branch of limbs corresponding with the upper branch, as if one pair of half-extended compasses had been placed perpendicularly upon the top of

another, while the space on which the hinges revolved quite sufficed to represent the body? All the rest was moustache, pelisse, and calico trowser. She might have commanded a Polk of real Cossacks in 1815, for half the wealth which she surrendered to this military scarecrow. However, there is no more to be said upon the matter, especially as she had come the length of quoting Rousseau for sentiment — and so let that pass.

Having thus expectorated my bile against a land, which is, notwithstanding, a very merry land, and which I cannot blame, because I sought it, and it did not seek me, I come to the more immediate purpose of this Introduction, and which, my dearest Public, if I do not reckon too much on the continuance of your favours, (though, to say truth, consistency and uniformity of taste are scarce to be reckoned upon by those who court your good graces), may perhaps go far to make me amends for the loss and damage I have sustained by bringing aunt Dorothy to the country of thick calves, slender ancles, black moustaches, bodiless limbs, (I assure you the fellow is, as my friend Lord L—— said, a complete giblet-pie, all legs and wings), and fine sentiments. If she had taken from the half-pay list a ranting Highlandman, ay, or a dashing son of green Erin, I would never have mention-

ed the subject; but as the affair has happened, it is scarce possible not to resent such a gratuitous plundering of her own lawful heirs and executors. But «be hushed my dark spirit," and let us invite our dear Public to a more pleasing theme to us, a more interesting one to others.

By dint of drinking acid tiff, as above mentioned, and smoking segars, in which I am no novice, my Public are to be informed, that I gradually drank and smoked myself into a certain degree of acquaintance with *un homme comme il faut*, one of the few fine old specimens of nobility who are still to be found in France; who, like mutilated statues of an antiquated and obsolete worship, still command a certain portion of awe and estimation in the eyes even of those by whom neither one nor other were voluntarily rendered.

On visiting the coffee-house of the village, I was, at first, struck with the singular dignity and gravity of this gentleman's manners, his sedulous attachment to shoes and stockings, in contempt of half-boots and pantaloons, the *croix de Saint Louis* at his button-hole, and a small white cockade in the loop of his old-fashioned *schaker*. There was something interesting in his whole appearance; and besides, his gravity among the lively groupe around him, seemed, like the shade of a tree in the glare of a sunny landscape,

more interesting from its rarity. I made such advances towards acquaintance as the circumstances of the place, and the manners of the country, authorized — that is to say, I drew near him, smoked my segar by calm and intermitted puffs, which were scarcely visible, and asked him those few questions which good breeding everywhere, but more especially in France, permits strangers to put, without hazarding the imputation of impertinence. The Marquis de Hautlieu, for such was his rank, was as short and sententious as French politeness permitted — he answered every question, but proposed nothing, and encouraged no farther inquiry.

The truth was, that, not very accessible to foreigners of any nation, or even to strangers among his own countrymen, the Marquis was peculiarly shy towards the English. A remnant of ancient national prejudice might dictate this feeling; or it might arise from his idea that they are a haughty, purse-proud people, to whom rank, united with straitened circumstances, affords as much a subject for scorn as for pity; or, finally, when he reflected on certain recent events, he might perhaps feel mortified, as a Frenchman, even for those successes which had restored his master to the throne, and himself to a diminished property and dilapidated *chateau*. His dislike, however, never assumed a

more active form than that of alienation from English society. When the affairs of strangers required the interposition of his influence in their behalf, it was uniformly granted with the courtesy of a French gentleman, who knew what is due to himself and to national hospitality.

At length, by some chance, the Marquis made the discovery, that the new frequenter of his ordinary was a native of Scotland, a circumstance which told mightily in my favour. Some of his own ancestors, he informed me, had been of Scottish origin, and he believed his house had still some relations in what he was pleased to call the province of Hanguisse, in that country. The connection had been acknowledged early in the last century on both sides, and he had once almost determined, during his exile, (for it may be supposed that the Marquis had joined the ranks of Condé, and shared all the misfortunes and distresses of emigration), to claim the acquaintance and protection of his Scottish friends. But after all, he said, he cared not to present himself before them in circumstances which could do them but small credit, and which they might think entailed some little burthen, perhaps even some little disgrace; so that he thought it best to trust in Providence, and do the best he could for his own support. What that was I never

could learn; but I am sure it inferred nothing which could be discreditable to the excellent old man, who held fast his opinions and his loyalty through good and bad repute, till time restored him, aged, indigent, and broken-spirited, to the country which he had left in the prime of youth and health, and in a tone of high resentment, which promised speedy vengeance upon those who expelled him. I might have laughed at some points of the Marquis's character, at his prejudices, particularly, both of birth and politics, if I had known him under more prosperous circumstances; but, situated as he was, even if they had not been fair and honest prejudices, turning on no base or interested motive, one must have respected him as we respect the confessor or the martyr of a religion, which is not entirely our own.

By degrees we became good friends, drank our coffee, smoked our segar, and took our *bavarois* together, for more than sixs weeks, with little interruption from avocations on either side. Having, with some difficulty, got the key-note of his inquiries concerning Scotland, by a fortunate conjecture that the province of Hanguisse could only be our shire of Angus, I was enabled to answer the most of his queries concerning his allies there in a manner more or less satisfac-

tory, and was much surprised to find the Marquis much better acquainted with the genealogy of some of the distinguished families in that county than I could possibly have expected.

On his part, his satisfaction at our intercourse was so great, that he at length wound himself to such a pitch of resolution, as to invite me to dine at the Chateau de Hautlieu, well deserving the name, as occupying a commanding eminence on the banks of the Loire. This building lay about three miles from the town at which I had settled my temporary establishment; and when I first beheld it, I could easily forgive the mortified feelings which the owner testified, at receiving a guest in the asylum which he had formed out of the ruins of the palace of his fathers. He gradually, with much gaiety, which yet evidently covered a deeper feeling, prepared me for the sort of place I was about to visit; and for this he had full opportunity whilst he drove me in his little cabriolet, drawn by a large heavy Norman horse, towards the ancient building.

Its remains run along a beautiful terrace overhanging the river Loire, which had been formerly laid out with a succession of flights of steps, highly ornamented with statues, rock-work, and other artificial embellishments, descending from one terrace to another, until the very verge of

the river was attained. All this architectural decoration, with its accompanying parterres of rich flowers and exotic shrubs, had many years since given place to the more profitable scene of the vine-dresser's labours; yet the remains, too massive to be destroyed, are still visible, and, with the various artificial slopes and levels of the high bank, bear perfect evidence how completely Art had been here employed to decorate Nature.

Few of these scenes are now left in perfection, for the fickleness of fashion has accomplished in England the total change which devastation and popular fury have produced in the French pleasure grounds. For my part, I am contented to subscribe to the opinion of the best qualified judge of our time,* who thinks we have carried to an extreme our taste for simplicity, and that

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* See Price's Essay on the Picturesque, in many passages; but I would particularize the beautiful and highly poetical account which he gives of his own feelings on destroying, at the dictate of an improver, an ancient sequestrated garden, with its yew hedges, ornamented iron gates, and secluded wilderness.

the neighbourhood of a stately mansion requires some more ornate embellishments than can be derived from the meagre accompaniments of grass and gravel. A highly romantic situation may be degraded perhaps by an attempt at such artificial ornaments; but then, in by far the greater number of sites, the intervention of more architectural decoration than is now in use, seems necessary to redeem the naked tameness of a large house placed by itself in the midst of a lawn, where it looks as much unconnected with all around, as if it had walked out of town upon an airing.

How the taste came to change so suddenly and absolutely, is rather a singular circumstance, unless we explain it on the same principle on which the three friends of the Father in Moliere's comedy recommend a cure for the melancholy of his Daughter — that he should furnish her apartments, viz. with paintings — with tapestry — or with china, according to the different commodities in which each of them was a dealer. Tried by this scale, we may perhaps discover, that, of old, the architect laid out the garden and the pleasure-grounds in the neighbourhood of the mansion, and, naturally enough, displayed his own art there in statues and vases, and paved terraces and flights of steps, with ornamented

balustrades; while the gardener, subordinate in rank, endeavoured to make the vegetable kingdom correspond to the prevailing taste, and cut his ever-greens into verdant walls, with towers and battlements, and his detached trees into a resemblance of statuary. But the wheel has since revolved, so as to place the landscape gardener, as he is called, upon almost a level with the architect; and hence a liberal and somewhat violent use is made of spade and pickaxe, and a converting the ostentatious labours of the architect into a *ferme ornée*, as little different from the simplicity of Nature, as displayed in the surrounding country, as the comforts of convenient and cleanly walks, imperiously demanded in the vicinage of a gentleman's residence, can possibly admit.

To return from this disgression, which has given the Marquis's cabriolet (its activity greatly retarded by the downward propensities of Jean-Roast-beef, which I suppose the Norman horse cursed as heartily as his countrymen of old time execrated the stolid obæsity of a Saxon slave,) time to ascend the hill by a winding causeway, now much broken, we came in sight of a long range of roofless buildings, connected with the western extremity of the castle, which was totally ruinous. «I should apologize," he said,

«to you, as an Englishman, for the taste of my ancestors in connecting that row of stables with the architecture of the chateau. I know in your country it is usual to remove them to some distance; but my family had a hereditary pride in horses, and were fond of visiting them more frequently than would have been convenient if they had been kept at a greater distance. Before the Revolution, I had thirty fine horses in that ruinous line of buildings."

This recollection of past magnificence escaped from him accidentally, for he was generally sparing in alluding to his former opulence. It was quietly said, without any affectation either of the importance attached to early wealth, or as demanding sympathy for its having past away. It awakened unpleasing reflections, however, and we were both silent, till, from a partially repaired corner of what had been a porter's lodge, a lively French *paysanne*, with eyes as black as jet, and as brilliant as diamonds, came out with a smile, which shewed a set of teeth that duchesses might have envied, and took the reins of the little carriage.

«Madelon must be groom to-day," said the Marquis, after graciously nodding in return for her deep reverence to Monseigneur, «for her

husband is gone to market; and for La Jeunesse, he is almost distracted with his various occupations. Madelon," he continued, as we walked forward under the entrance arch, crowned with the mutilated armorial bearings of former lords, now half-obscured by moss and rye-grass, not to mention the vagrant branches of some unpruned shrubs, — «Madelon," he continued, «was my wife's god-daughter, and was educated to be fille-de-chambre to my daughter."

This little passing intimation, that he was a widowed husband and childless father, increased my respect for the unfortunate gentleman, to whom every particular attached to his present situation brought doubtless its own share of food for melancholy reflection. He proceeded, after the pause of an instant, with something of a gayer tone. — «You will be entertained with my poor La Jeunesse," he said, «who, by the way, is ten years older than I am — (the Marquis is above sixty) — he reminds me of the player in the *Roman Comique*, who acted a whole play in his own proper person — he insists on being maitre d'hotel, maitre de cuisine, valet-de-chambre, a whole suite of attendants in his own poor individuality. He sometimes reminds me of a character in the Bridle of Lammermore, which you must have read, as it is the work of

one of your *gens de lettres, qu'on appelle, je crois, le Chevalier Scott.*"

„I presume you mean Sir Walter?"

„Yes — the same — the same," said the Marquis; „I always forget names which commence *avec cette lettre impossible.*"

We were now led away from more painful recollections; for I had to put my French friend right in two particulars. In the first I prevailed with difficulty; for the Marquis, though he disliked the English, yet having been three months in London, piqued himself in understanding the most intricate difficulties of our language, and appealed to every dictionary, from Florio downwards, that *la Bride* must mean the Bridle. Nay, so sceptical was he on this point of philology, when I ventured to hint that there was nothing about a bridle in the whole story, he, with great composure, and little knowing to whom he spoke, laid the whole blame of that inconsistency on the unfortunate author. I had next the common candour to inform my friend, upon grounds which no one could know so well as myself, that my distinguished literary countryman, of whom I will always speak with the respect his talents deserve, was not responsible for the slight works which the humour of the public had too generously, as well as too rashly, ascribed to him. Sur-

prised by the impulse of the moment, I might even have gone further, and clenched the negative by positive evidence, owning to my entertainer that no one else could possibly have written these works, since I myself was the author, when I was saved from so rash a commitment of myself by the calm reply of the Marquis, that he was glad to hear these sort of trifles were not written by a person of condition. «We read them," he said, «as we listen to the pleasantries of a comedian, or our ancestors to those of a professed family-jester, with a good deal of amusement, which, however, we should be sorry to derive from the mouth of one who has better claims to our society."

I was completely recalled to my constitutional caution by this declaration; and became so much afraid of committing myself, that I did not even venture to explain to my aristocratic friend, that the gentleman whom he had named owed his advancement, for aught I had ever heard, to certain works of his, which may, without injury, be compared to romances in rhime.

The truth is, that, amongst some other unjust prejudices, at which I have already hinted, the Marquis had contracted a horror, mingled with contempt, for almost every species of author-craft, slighter than that which compounds a folio

volume of law or of divinity, and looked upon the author of a romance, novel, fugitive poem, or periodical piece of criticism, as men do on a venomous reptile, with fear at once and with loathing. The abuse of the press, he contended, especially in its lighter departments, had poisoned the whole morality of Europe, and was gradually once more regaining an influence which had been silenced amidst the voice of war. All writers, except those of the largest and heaviest calibre, he conceived to be devoted to this evil cause, from Rousseau and Voltaire down to Pigault le Brun and the author of the Scotch novels; and although he admitted he read them *pour passer le temps*, yet, like Pistol eating his leek, it was not without execrating the tendency, as he devoured the story, of the work with which he was engaged.

Observing this peculiarity, I backed out of the candid confession which my vanity had meditated, and engaged the Marquis in farther remarks on the mansion of his ancestors. «There," he said, «was the theatre where my father used to procure an order for the special attendance of some of the principal actors of the Comedie Françoise, when the King and Madame Pompadour more than once visited him at this place; — yonder, more to the centre, was the Baron's hall, where

his feudal jurisdiction was exercised when criminals were to be tried by the Seigneur or his bailif; for we had, like your old Scotch nobles, the right of pit and gallows, or *fossa cum furca*, as the civilians term it; — beneath that lies the Question-chamber, or apartment for torture; and, truly, I am sorry a right so liable to abuse have been lodged in the hands of any living creature. But" he added, with a feeling of dignity derived even from the atrocities which his ancestors had committed beneath the grated windows to which he pointed, «such is the effect of superstition, that, to this day, the peasants dare not approach the dungeons, in which, it is said, the wrath of my ancestors had perpetrated, in former times, much cruelty."

As we approached the window, while I expressed some curiosity to see this abode of terror, there rose from its subterranean abyss a shrill shout of laughter, which we easily detected as produced by a groupe of playful children, who had made the neglected vaults a theatre, for a joyous romp at Colin Maillard.

The Marquis was somewhat disappointed, and had recourse to his *tabatiere*; but, recovering in a moment, observed, these were Madelon's children, and familiar with the supposed terrors of the subterranean recesses. «Besides," he ad-

ded, «to speak the truth, these poor children have been born after the period of supposed illumination, which dispelled our superstition and our religion at once; and this bids me to remind you, that it is a *jour maigre*. The *Curé* of the parish is my only guest, besides yourself, and I would not voluntarily offend his opinions. Besides," he continued, more manfully, and throwing off his restraint, «adversity has taught me other thoughts on these subjects than those which prosperity dictated; and I thank God I am not ashamed to avow, that I follow the observances of my church."

I hastened to answer, that, though they might differ from those of my own, I had every possible respect for the religious rules of every Christian community, sensible that we addressed the same Deity, on the same grand principle of salvation, though with different forms; which variety of worship, had it pleased the Almighty not to permit, our observances would have been as distinctly prescribed to us as they are laid down under the Mosaic law.

The Marquis was no shaker of hands, but upon the present occasion he grasped mine, and shook it kindly — the only mode of acquiescence in my sentiments which perhaps a zealous Catholic

could, or ought, consistently to have given upon such an occasion.

This circumstance of explanation and remark, with others which arose out of the view of the extensive ruins, occupied us during two or three turns upon the long terrace, and a seat of about a quarter of an hour's endurance in a vaulted pavilion of freestone, decorated with the Marquis's armorial bearings, the roof of which, though disjointed in some of its groind-arches, was still solid and entire. «Here," said he, resuming the tone of a former part of his conversation, «I love to sit either at noon, when the alcove affords me shelter from the heat, or in the evening, when the sun's beams are dying on the broad face of the Loire — here, in the words of your great poet, whom, Frenchman as I am, I am more intimately acquainted with than most Englishmen, I love to rest myself,

Shewing the code of sweet and bitter fancy."

Against this various reading of a wellknown passage in Shakespeare I took care to offer no protest; for I suspect Shakespeare would have suffered in the opinion of so delicate a judge as the Marquis, had I proved his having written «chewing the cud," according to all other author-

ities. Besides, I had had enough of our former dispute, having been long convinced (though not till ten years after I left Edinburgh College,) that the pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own superior knowledge on matters of small consequence, but in enlarging, improving, and correcting the information you possess, by the authority of others. I therefore let the Marquis *shew* his *code* at his pleasure, and was rewarded by his entering into a learned and well-informed disquisition on the florid style of architecture introduced into France during the seventeenth century. He pointed out its merits and its defects with considerable taste; and having touched on topics similar to those which I have formerly digressed upon, he made an appeal of a different kind in their favour, founded upon the associations with which they were combined. «Who," he said, «would willingly destroy the terraces of the Chateau of Sully, since we cannot tread them without recalling the image of that statesman, alike distinguished for severe integrity and for strong and unerring sagacity of mind? Were they an inch less broad, a ton's weight less massive, or were they deprived of their formality by the slightest inflexions, could we suppose them to remain the scene of his patriotic musings? Would an ordinary

root house be a fit scene for the Duke occupying an arm-chair, and his Duchess a *tabouret* — teaching from thence lessons of courage and fidelity to his sons, — of modesty and submission to his daughters, — of rigid morality to both; while the circle of young noblesse listened with ears attentive, and eyes modestly fixed on the ground, in a standing posture, neither replying nor sitting down, without the express command of their prince and parent? — No, Monsieur," he said, with enthusiasm; «destroy the princely pavilion in which this edifying family-scene was represented, and you remove from the mind the vraisemblance, the veracity of the whole representation. Or can your mind suppose this distinguished peer and patriot walking in a *jardin Angloise?* Why you might as well fancy him dressed with a blue froc and white waistcoat, instead of his Henri Quatre coat and *chapeau à plumes* — Consider how he could have moved in the tortuous maze of what you have called a *ferme ornée*, with his usual attendants of two files of Swiss guards preceding, and the same number following him. To recal his figure, with his beard — *haut-des-chausses à canon*, united to his doublet by ten thousand *aiguilettes* and knots of riband, you could not, supposing him in a modern *jardin Anglois*, distinguish the picture

in your imagination, from the sketch of some mad old man, who has adopted the humour of dressing like his great-great-grandfather, and whom a party of gens-d'armes was conducting to the *Maison des Fous.* But look on the long and magnificent terrace, if it yet exists, which the loyal and exalted Sully was wont to make the scene of his solitary walk twice a-day, while he pondered over the patriotic schemes which he nourished for advancing the glory of France; or, at a later, and more sorrowful period of life, brooded over the memory of his murdered master, and the fate of his distracted country; — throw into that noble back-ground of arcades, vases, images, urns, and whatever could express the vicinity of a ducal palace, and the landscape becomes consistent at once. The *factionaires,* with their harquebusses ported, placed at the extremities of the long and level walk, intimate the presence of the feudal prince; while the same is more clearly shewn by the guard of honour which precede and follow him, their halberts carried upright, their mien martial and stately, as if in the presence of an enemy, yet moved, as it were, with the same soul as their princely superior — teaching their steps to attend upon his, marching as he marches, halting as he halts, accommodating their pace even to the

slight irregularities of pause and advance dictated by the fluctuations of his reverie, and wheeling with military precision before and behind him, who seems the centre and animating principle of their armed files, as the heart gives life and energy to the human body. Or, if you smile," added the Marquis, looking doubtfully on my countenance, «at a promenade so inconsistent with the light freedom of modern manners, could you bring your mind to demolish that other terrace trode by the fascinating Marchioness de Sevigné, with which are united so many recollections connected with passages in her enchanting letters?"

A little tired of this disquisition, which the Marquis certainly dwelt upon to exalt the natural beauties of his own terrace, which, dilapidated as it was, required no such formal recommendation, I informed my friend, that I had just received from England a journal of a tour made in the south of France by a young Oxonian friend of mine, a poet, a draughtsman, and a scholar, — in which he gives such an animated and interesting description of the Chateau-Grignan, the dwelling of Madame de Sevigné's beloved daughter, and frequently the place of her own residence, that no one who ever read the book would be within forty miles of the same, without going a pilgrimage to the spot.

The Marquis smiled, seemed very much pleased, and asked the title at length of the work in question; and writing down to my dictation, «An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, made during the year 1819; by John Hughes, A. M., of Oriel College, Oxford," — observed, he could now purchase no books for the chateau, but would recommend that the Itineraire should be commissioned for the library to which he was abonné in the neighbouring town. «And here," he said, «comes the Curé, to save us farther disquisition; and I see La Jeunesse gliding round the old portico on the terrace, with the purpose of ringing the dinner-bell — a most unnecessary ceremony for assembling three persons, but which it would break the old man's heart to forego. Take no notice of him at present, as he wishes to perform the duties of the inferior departments incognito — when the bell has ceased to sound, he will blaze forth on us in the character of major-domo."

As the Marquis spoke, we were advanced towards the eastern extremity of the Chateau, which was the only part of the edifice that remained still habitable.

«The *Bande Noire*," said the Marquis, «when they pulled the rest of the house to pieces, for the sake of the lead, timber, and other materials, have, in their ravages, done me the un-

designed favour to reduce it to dimensions better fitting the circumstances of the owner. There is enough of the leaf left for the caterpillar to coil up his chrysalis in, and what needs he care what reptiles have devoured the rest of the bush?"

As he spoke thus, we reached the door, at which La Jeunesse appeared, with an air at once of prompt service and deep respect, and a countenance, which, though puckered by a thousand wrinkles, was ready to answer the first good-natured word of his master with a smile, which shewed his white set of teeth firm and fair, in despite of age and suffering. His clean silk stockings, washed till their tint had become yellowish — his cue tied with a rosette — the thin grey curl on either side of his lank cheek — the pearl-coloured coat, without a collar — the solitaire, the *jabot*, the ruffles at the wrist, and the *chapeau-bas* — all announced that La Jeunesse considered the arrival of a guest at the Chateau as an unusual event, which was to be met with a corresponding display of magnificence and parade on his part.

As I looked at the faithful though fantastic follower of his master, who doubtless inherited his prejudices as well as his cast-clothes, I could not but own, in my own mind, the resemblance pointed out by the Marquis betwixt him and my own Caleb, the trusty squire of

the Master of Ravenswood. But a Frenchman, a Jack-of-all-trades by nature, can, with much more ease and suppleness, address himself to a variety of services, and suffice in his own person to discharge them all, than is possible for the formality and slowness of a Scotchman. Superior to Caleb in dexterity, though not in zeal, La Jeunesse seemed to multiply himself with the necessities of the occasion, and discharged his several tasks with such promptitude and assiduity, that farther attendance than his was neither missed nor wished for.

The dinner, in particular, was exquisite. The soup, although bearing the term of *maigre*, which Englishmen use in scorn, was most delicately flavoured, and the matelot of pike and eels reconciled me, though a Scotchman, to the latter. There was even a petit plat of *bouilli* for the heretic, so exquisitely dressed as to retain all the juices, and, at the same time, rendered so thoroughly tender, that nothing could be more delicate. The *potage*, with another small dish or two, were equally well arranged. But what the old maitre d'hotel valued himself upon as something superb, smiling with self-satisfaction, and in enjoyment of my surprise, as he placed it on the table, was an immense *assiette* of spinage, not smoothed into a uniform surface, as by our uninaugurated cooks upon your side of the water,

but swelling into hills, and declining into vales, over which swept a gallant stag, pursued by a pack of hounds in full cry, and a noble field of horsemen with bugle-horns, and whips held upright, and brandished after the manner of broadswords — hounds, huntsman, and stag, being all very artificially cut out of toasted bread. Enjoying the praises which I failed not to bestow on this *chef-d'œuvre*, the old man acknowledged it had cost the best part of two days to bring it to perfection; and added, giving honour where honour was due, that an idea so brilliant was not entirely his own, but that Monseigneur himself had taken the trouble to give him several valuable hints, and even condescended to assist in the execution of some of the most capital figures. The Marquis blushed a little at this eclaircissement, which he might probably have wished to suppress, but acknowledged he had wished to surprise me with a scene from the popular poem of my country, Milady Lac. I answered, that so splendid a cortege much more resembled a grand chasse of Louis Quartorze than of a poor King of Scotland and that the *paysage* was rather like Fontainbleau than the wilds of Callender. He bowed graciously in answer to this compliment, and acknowledged that recollections of the costume of the old French court, when in its splendour,

might have misled his imagination — and so the conversation passed on to other matters.

Our dessert was exquisite — the cheese, the fruits, the sallad, the olives, the *çernaux*, and the delicious white wine, each in their way were *impayables*; and the good Marquis, with an air of great satisfaction, observed, that his guest did sincere homage to their merits. «After all,» he said, «and yet it is but confessing a foolish weakness — but, after all, I cannot but rejoice in feeling myself equal to offering a stranger a sort of hospitality which seems pleasing to him. Believe me, it is not entirely out of pride that we *pauvres revenants* live so very retired, and avoid the duties of hospitality. It is true, that too many of us wander about the halls of our fathers, rather like ghosts of their deceased proprietors, than like living men restored to their own possessions — yet it is rather on your account, than to spare our own feelings, that we do not cultivate the society of our foreign visitors. We have an idea that your opulent nation is particularly attached to *faste*, and to *grande chère* — to your ease and enjoyment of every kind; and the means of entertainment left to us are, in most cases, so limited, that we feel ourselves totally precluded from such expence and ostentation. No one wishes to offer his best where he has reason to think it will not give pleasure;

and, as many of you publish your journals, Monsieur le Marquis would not probably be much gratified, by seeing the poor dinner which he was able to present to Milord Anglois put upon permanent record."

I interrupted the Marquis, that were I to wish an account of my entertainment published, it would be only in order to preserve the memory of the very best dinner I ever had eaten in my life. He bowed in return, and presumed «that I either differed much from the national taste, or the accounts of it were greatly exaggerated. He was particularly obliged to me for shewing the value of the possessions which remained to him. The useful," he said, «had no doubt survived the sumptuous at Hautlieu as elsewhere. Grottoes, statues, curious conservatories of exotics, temple and tower, had gone to the ground; but the vineyard, the potager, the orchard, the *etang*, still existed; and once more he expressed himself happy to find, that their combined productions could make what even a Briton accepted as a tolerable meal. I only hope," he continued, «that you will convince me your compliments are sincere, by accepting the hospitality of the Chateau de Hautlieu as often as better engagements will permit during your stay in this neighbourhood."

I readily promised to accept an invitation of-

fered with such grace, as to make the guest appear the person conferring the obligation.

The conversation then changed to the history of the chateau and its vicinity — a subject which was strong ground to the Marquis, though he was no great antiquary, and even no very profound historian, where these topics were out of question. The Curé, however, chanced to be both, and withal a very conversible pleasing man, with an air of *prevenance*, and ready civility of communication, which I have found a leading characteristic of the Catholic clergy, whenever they are well-informed or otherwise. It was from him that I learned there still existed the remnant of a fine library in the Chateau de Hautlieu. The Marquis shrugged his shoulders as the Curé gave me this intimation, looked to the one side and the other, and displayed the same sort of petty embarrassment which he had been unable to suppress when La Jeunesse blabbed something of his interference with the arrangements of the *cuisine*. «I should be happy to shew the books," he said, «but they are in such a wild condition, so dismantled, that I am ashamed to shew them to any one."

«Forgive me, my dear sir," said the Curé, «you know you permitted the great English Bibliomaniac, Dr Dibdin, to consult your curious

reliques, and you know how highly he spoke of them."

«What could I do, my dear friend," said the Marquis; «the good Doctor had heard some exaggerated account of these remnants of what was once a library—he had stationed himself in the *auberge* below, determined to carry his point or die under the walls. I even heard of his taking the altitude of the turret, in order to provide scaling-ladders. You would not have had me reduce a respectable divine, though of another church, to such an act of desperation? I could not have answered it in conscience."

«But you know, besides, Monsieur le Marquis," continued the Curé, «that Dr Dibdin was so much grieved at the dilapidation your library had sustained, that he avowedly envied the powers of our church, so much did he long to launch an anathema at the heads of the perpetrators."

«His resentment was in proportion to his disappointment, I suppose," said our entertainer.

«Not so," said the Curé; «for he was so enthusiastic on the value of what remains, that I am convinced that nothing but your positive request to the contrary prevented the Chateau of Hautlieu occupying at least twenty pages in that splendid work of which he sent us a copy, and which will remain a lasting monument of his zeal and erudition."

„Dr Dibdin is extremely polite," said the Marquis; „and, when we have had our coffee — here it comes — we will go to the turret; and I hope, as Monsieur has not despised my poor fare, so he will pardon the state of my confused library, while I shall be equally happy if it can afford any thing which can give him amusement. Indeed," he added, „were it otherwise, you, my good father, have every right over books, which, without your intervention, would never have returned to the owner."

Although this additional act of courtesy was evidently wrested by the importunity of the Curé from his reluctant friend, whose desire to conceal the nakedness of the land, and the extent of his losses, seemed always to struggle with his disposition to be obliging, I could not help accepting an offer, which, in strict politeness, I ought perhaps to have refused. But then, the remains of a collection of such curiosity as had given to our bibliomaniacal Doctor the desire of leading the forlorn hope in an escalade — it would have been a desperate act of self-denial to have declined an opportunity of seeing it. La Jeunesse brought coffee, such as we only taste on the continent, upon a salver, covered with a napkin, that it might be *censé* for silver; and *chasse-caffé* from Martinique on a small waiter, which was certainly so. Our repast thus finished, the Mar-

quis led me, up an *escalier derobé*, into a very large and well-proportioned saloon, of nearly one hundred feet in length; but so waste and dilapidated, that I kept my eyes on the ground, lest my kind entertainer should feel himself called upon to apologize for tattered pictures and torn tapestry; and, worse than both, for casements that had yielded, in one or two instances, to the boisterous blast.

«We have contrived to make the turret something more habitable," said the Marquis, as he moved hastily through this chamber of desolation. «This," he said, «was the picture gallery in former times, and in the boudoir beyond, which we now occupy as a book-closet, were preserved some curious cabinet paintings, whose small size required that they should be viewed nearly."

As he spoke, he held aside a portion of the tapestry I have mentioned, and we entered the room of which he spoke.

It was octangular, corresponding to the external shape of the turret whose interior it occupied. Four of the sides had latticed windows, commanding each, from a different point, the most beautiful prospect over the majestic Loire, and the adjacent country through which it winded; and the casements were filled with stained glass, through two of which streamed the lustre of the setting sun, showing a brilliant assemblage

of religious emblems and armorial bearings, which it was scarce possible to look at with an undazzled eye; but the other two windows, from which the sunbeams had passed away, could be closely examined, and plainly shewed that the lattices were glazed with stained glass, which did not belong to them originally, but, as I afterwards learned, to the profaned and desecrated chapel of the castle. It had been the amusement of the Marquis, for several months, to accomplish this *rifacciamento,* with the assistance of the Curate and the all-capable La Jeunesse; and though they had only patched together fragments, which were in many places very minute, yet the stained glass, till examined very closely, and with the eye of an antiquary, produced, on the whole, a very pleasing effect.

The sides of the apartment, not occupied by the lattices, were (excepting the space for the small door) fitted up with presses and shelves, some of walnut tree, curiously carved, and brought to a dark colour by time, nearly resembling that of a ripe chesnut, and partly of common deal, employed to repair and supply the deficiencies occasioned by violence and devastation. On these shelves were déposited the wrecks, or rather the precious reliques, of a most splendid library.

The Marquis's father had been a man of in-

formation, and his grandfather was famous, even in the court of Louis XIV., where literature was in some degree considered as the fashion, for the extent of his acquirements. Those two proprietors, opulent in their fortunes, and liberal in the indulgence of their taste, had made such additions to a curious old Gothic library, which had descended from their ancestors, that there were few collections in France which could be compared to that of Hautlieu. It had been completely dispersed, in consequence of an ill-judged attempt of the present Marquis, in 1790, to defend his Chateau against a revolutionary mob. Luckily, the Curé, who, by his charitable and moderate conduct, and his evangelical virtues, possessed much interest among the neighbouring peasantry, prevailed on many of them to buy, for the petty sum of a few sous, and sometimes at the vulgar rate of a glass of brandy, volumes which had cost large sums, but which were carried off in mere spite by the ruffians who pillaged the castle. He himself also had purchased as many of the books as his funds could possibly reach, and to his care it was owing that they were restored to the turret in which I found them. It was no wonder, therefore, that the good Curé had some pride and pleasure in shewing the collection to strangers.

In spite of odd volumes, imperfections, and all the other mortifications which an amateur encounters in looking through an ill-kept library, there were many articles in that of Hautlieu, calculated, as Bayes says, «to elevate and surprise" the Bibliomaniac. There were,

«The small rare volume, dark with tarnish'd gold,"

as Dr Ferriar feelingly sings — curious and richly painted missals, manuscripts of 1380, 1320, and even earlier, and works in Gothic type, printed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But of these I intend to give a more detailed account, should the Marquis grant his permission.

In the meantime, it is sufficient to say, that, delighted with the day I had spent at Hautlieu, I frequently repeated my visit, and that the key of the octangular tower was always at my command. In those hours I became deeply enamoured of a part of French history, which, although most important to that of Europe at large, and illustrated by an inimitable old historian, I had never sufficiently studied. At the same time, to gratify the feelings of my excellent host, I occupied myself occasionally with some family memorials, which had fortunately been preserved, and which contained some curious particulars

respecting the connection with Scotland, which first found me favour in the eyes of the Marquis de Hautlieu.

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I pondered on these things, *more meo*, until my return to Britain, to beef and sea-coal-fires, a change of residence which took place since I drew up these Gallic reminiscences. At length, the result of my meditations took the form of which my readers, if not startled by this preface, will presently be enabled to judge. Should the Public receive it with favour, I will not regret having been for a short time an Absentee.

# QUENTIN DURWARD.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE CONTRAST.

*Look here upon this picture, and on this,*
*The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.*

*Hamlet.*

THE latter part of the fifteenth century prepared a train of future events, that ended by raising France to that state of formidable power, which has ever since been, from time to time, the principal object of jealousy to the other European nations. Before that period, she had to struggle for her very existence with the English, already possessed of her fairest provinces; while the utmost exertions of her King, and the gallantry

of her natives, could scarce protect the remainder from a foreign yoke. Neither was this her sole danger. The Princes who possessed the grand fiefs of the crown, and, in particular, the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, had come to wear their feudal bonds so lightly, that they had no scruple in lifting the standard against their liege and sovereign lord, the King of France, on the slightest pretences. When at peace, they reigned as absolute princes in their own provinces; and the House of Burgundy, possessed of the district so called, together with the fairest and richest part of Flanders, was of itself so wealthy, and so powerful, as to yield nothing to the crown, either in splendour or in strength.

In imitation of the grand feudatories, each inferior vassal of the crown assumed as much independence as his distance from the sovereign power, the extent of his fief, or the strength of his residence, enabled him to maintain; and these petty tyrants, no longer amenable to the exercise of the law, perpetrated with impunity the wildest excesses of fantastic oppression and cruelty. In Auvergne alone, a report was made of more than three hundred of these independent nobles, to whom incest, murder, and rapine, were the most ordinary and familiar actions.

Besides these evils, another, springing out of the long-continued war betwixt the French and

English, added no small misery to this distracted kingdom. Numerous bodies of soldiers collected into bands, under officers chosen by themselves, from among the bravest and most successful adventurers, had been formed in various parts of France out of the refuse of all other countries. These hireling combatants sold their swords for a time to the best bidder; and, where such offer was wanting, they made war on their own account, seizing castles and towers, which they used as the places of their retreat, — making prisoners, and ransoming them, — exacting tribute from the open villages and the country around them, — and acquiring, by every species of rapine, the appropriate epithets of *Tondeurs* and *Escorcheurs*, that is, *Clippers* and *Flayers*.

In the midst of the horrors and miseries arising from so distracted a state of public affairs, reckless and profuse expence distinguished the courts of the lesser nobles as well as of the superior princes; and their dependents, in imitation, expended in rude, but magnificent display, the wealth which they exorted from the people. A tone of romantic and chivalrous gallantry (which, however, was often disgraced by unbounded license,) characterized the intercourse between the sexes; and the language of knight-errantry was yet used, and its observances followed, though the pure spirit of honourable love, and benevolent

enterprize, which it inculcates, had ceased to qualify and atone for its extravagancies. The jousts and tournaments, the entertainments and revels, which each petty court displayed, invited to France every wandering adventurer; and it was seldom that, when arrived there, he failed to employ his rash courage, and headlong spirit of enterprize, in actions for which his happier native country afforded no free stage.

At this period, and as if to save this fair realm from the various woes with which it was menaced, the tottering throne was ascended by Louis XI., whose character, evil as it was in itself, met, combated, and in a great degree neutralized, the mischiefs of the time — as poisons of opposing qualities are said, in ancient books of medicine, to have the power of counteracting each other.

Brave enough for every useful and political purpose, Louis had not a spark of that romantic valour, or of the pride connected with, and arising out of it, which fought on for the point of honour, when the point of utility had been long gained. Calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest, he made every sacrifice, both of pride and passion, which could interfere with it. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expres-

sions, «that the king knew not how to reign, who knew not how to dissemble; and that, for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets, he would throw it into the fire." No man of his own, or of any other time, better understood how to avail himself of the frailties of others, and when to avoid giving any advantage by the untimely indulgence of his own.

He was by nature vindictive and cruel, even to the extent of finding pleasure in the frequent executions which he commanded. But, as no touch of mercy ever induced him to spare, when he could with safety condemn, so no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him to a premature violence. He seldom sprung on his prey till it was fairly within his grasp, and till all chance of rescue was in vain; and his movements were so studiously disguised, that his success was generally what first announced to the world what object he had been manœuvring to attain.

In like manner, the avarice of Louis gave way to apparent profusion, when it was necessary to bribe the favourite or minister of a rival prince for averting any impending attack, or to break up any alliance confederated against him. He was fond of license and pleasure; but neither beauty nor the chase, though both were ruling passions, ever withdrew him from the most regular attendance to public business and the affairs

of his kingdom. His knowledge of mankind was profound, and he had sought it in the private walks of life, in which he often personally mingled; and, though personally proud and haughty, he hesitated not, with an inattention to the arbitrary divisions of society, which was then thought something portentously unnatural, to raise from the lowest rank men whom be employed on the most important duties, and knew so well how to choose them, that he was rarely disappointed in their qualities.

Yet there were contradictions in the nature of this artful and able monarch; for humanity is never uniform. Himself the most false and insincere of mankind, some of the greatest errors of his life arose from too rash a confidence in the honour and integrity of others. When these errors took place, they seem to have arisen from an over-refined system of policy, which induced Louis to assume the appearance of undoubting confidence in those whom it was his object to overreach; for, in his general conduct, he was as jealous and suspicious as any tyrant who ever lived.

Two other points may be noticed, to complete the sketch of this formidable character, who rose among the rude chivalrous sovereigns of the period to the rank of a keeper among wild beasts, who, by superior wisdom and policy, by distribu-

tion of food, and some discipline by blows, comes finally to predominate over those, who, if unsubjected by his arts, would by main strength have torn him to pieces.

The first of these attributes was Louis's excessive superstition, a plague with which Heaven often afflicts those who refuse to listen to the dictates of religion. The remorse arising from his evil actions, Louis never endeavoured to appease by any relaxation in his Machiavellian stratagems, but laboured, in vain, to sooth and silence that painful feeling by superstitious observances, severe penance, and profuse gifts to the ecclesiastics. The second property, with which the first is sometimes found strangely united, was a disposition to low pleasures and obscure debauchery. The wisest, or at least the most crafty Sovereign of his time, was fond of ordinary life, and, being himself a man of wit, enjoyed the jests and repartees of social conversation more than could have been expected from other points of his character. He even mingled in the comic adventures of obscure intrigue, with a freedom scarce consistent with the habitual and guarded jealousy of his character; and was so fond of this species of humble gallantry, that he caused a number of its gay and licentious anecdotes to be enrolled in a collection well known to book-collectors, in whose eyes (and the work is unfit

for any other) the *right* edition is very precious.

By means of this monarch's powerful and prudent, thought most unamiable character, it pleased Heaven, who works by the tempest as well as by the soft small rain, to restore to the great French nation the benefits of civil government, which, at the time of his accession, they had nearly lost altogether.

Ere he succeeded to the crown, Louis had given evidence of his vices rather than of his talents. His first wife, Margaret of Scotland, was «done to death by slanderous tongues» in her husband's court, where, without his encouragement, no word had been breathed against that amiable and injured princess. He had been an ungrateful and a rebellious son, at one time conspiring to seize his father's person, and at another, levying open war against him. For the first offence, he was banished to his appanage of Dauphiné, which he governed with much sagacity — for the second, he was driven into absolute exile, and forced to throw himself on the mercy, and almost the charity, of the Duke of Burgundy and his son, where he enjoyed hospitality, afterwards indifferently requited, until the death of his father in 1461.

In the very outset of his reign, Louis was almost overpowered by a league formed against

him by the great vassals of France, with the Duke of Burgundy, or rather his son, the Count de Charalois, at its head. They levied a powerful army, blockaded Paris, fought a battle of doubtful event under its very walls, and put the French Monarchy on the brink of actual destruction. It usually happens in such cases, that the most sagacious general of the two gains the real fruit, though perhaps not the martial fame, of the disputed field. Louis, who had shewn great personal bravery during the battle of Montlhéry, was able, by his prudence, to avail himself of its undecided event, as if it had been a victory on his side. He temporized until the enemy had broken up their leaguer, and shewed so much dexterity in sowing jealousies among those great powers, that their alliance «for the public weal," as they termed it, but, in reality, for the overthrow of all but the external appearance of the French monarchy, broke to pieces, and was never again renewed in a manner so formidable. From this period, for several years, Louis, relieved of all danger from England, by the Civil Wars of York and Lancaster, was engaged, like an unfeeling but able physician, in curing the wounds of the body politic, or rather in stopping, now by gentle remedies, now by the use of fire and steel, the progress of those mortal gangrenes with which it was then infected. The *brigandage* of

the Free Companies, and the unpunished oppressions of the nobility, he laboured to lessen, since he could not actually stop them; and gradually, by dint of unrelaxed attention, he gained some addition to his own regal authority, or effected some diminution of those by which it was counterbalanced.

Still the King of France was surrounded by doubt and danger. The members of the league "for the public weal," though not in unison, were in existence, and that scotched snake might re-unite and become dangerous again. But a worse danger was the increasing power of the Duke of Burgundy, then one of the greatest Princes of Europe, and little diminished in rank by the very precarious dependence of his duchy upon the crown of France.

Charles, surnamed the Bold, or rather the Audacious, for his courage was allied to rashness and frenzy, then wore the ducal coronet of Burgundy, which he burned to convert into a royal and independent regal crown. The character of this Duke was in every respect the direct contrast to that of Louis XI.

The former was calm, deliberate, and crafty, never prosecuting a desperate enterprize, and never abandoning a probable one, however distant the prospect of success. The genius of the Duke

was entirely different. He rushed on danger because he loved it, and on difficulties because he despised them. As Louis never sacrificed his interest to his passion, so Charles, on the other hand, never sacrificed his passion, or even his humour, to any other considerations. Notwithstanding the near relationship that existed between them, and the support which the Duke and his father had afforded to Louis in his exile when Dauphin, there was mutual contempt and hatred betwixt them. The Duke of Burgundy despised the cautious policy of the King, and imputed to the faintness of his courage, that he sought by leagues, purchases, and other indirect means, those advantages, which, in his place, he would have snatched with an armed hand; and he hated him, not only for the ingratitude he had manifested for former kindnesses, and for personal injuries and imputations which the ambassadors of Louis had cast upon him, when his father was yet alive, but also, and especially, because of the support which he afforded in secret to the discontented citizens of Ghent, Liege, and other great towns in Flanders. These turbulent cities, jealous of their privileges, and proud of their wealth, frequently were in a state of insurrection against their liege lords the Dukes of Burgundy, and never failed to find under-hand countenance at

the Court of Louis, who embraced every opportunity of fomenting disturbance within the dominions of his overgrown vassal.

The contempt and hatred of the Duke were retaliated by Louis with equal energy, though he used a thicker veil to conceal his sentiments. It was impossible for a man of his profound sagacity not to despise the stubborn obstinacy which never resigned its purpose, however fatal perseverance might prove, and the headlong impetuosity, which commenced its career without allowing a moment's consideration for the obstacles to be encountered. Yet the King hated Charles even more than he contemned him, and his scorn and hatred were the more intense, that they were mingled with fear; for he knew that the onset of the mad bull, to whom he likened the Duke of Burgundy, must ever be formidable, though the animal makes it with shut eyes. It was not alone the wealth of the Burgundian provinces, the discipline of the warlike inhabitants, and the mass of their crowded population, which the King dreaded, for the personal qualities of their leader had also much in them that was dangerous. The very soul of bravery, which he pushed to the verge of rashness, and beyond it — profuse in expenditure — splendid in his court, his person and his retinue, in all which he dis-

played the hereditary magnificence of the house of Burgundy, Charles the Bold drew into his service almost all the fiery spirits of the age, whose temper was congenial; and Louis saw too clearly what might be attempted and executed by such a train of desperate resolutes, following a leader of a character as ungovernable as their own.

There was yet another circumstance which increased the animosity of Louis towards his overgrown vassal; for he owed him favours which he never meant to repay, and was under the frequent necessity of temporizing with him, and even of enduring bursts of petulant insolence, injurious to the regal dignity, without being able to treat him as other than his «fair cousin of Burgundy."

It was about the year 1468, when their feuds were at the highest, though a dubious and hollow truce, as frequently happened, existed for the time betwixt them, that the present narrative opens. The person first introduced on the stage will be found indeed to be of a rank and circumstance, which one would have thought scarce needed illustration from a dissertation on the relative position of two great princes; but the passions of the great, their quarrels, and their

reconciliations, involve the fortunes of all who approach them; and it will be found, on proceeding further in our story, that this preliminary Chapter is necessary for comprehending the adventures of the individual whom we are about to describe.

# CHAPTER II.

## THE WANDERER.

*Why then the world is my oyster, which I with sword will open.*

*Ancient Pistol.*

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It was upon a delicious summer morning, before the sun had assumed its scorching power, and while the dews yet cooled and perfumed the air, that a youth, coming from the north-eastward, approached the ford of a small river, or rather a large brook, tributary to the Cher, near to the royal castle of Plessis, whose dark and multiplied battlements rose in the back ground over the extensive forest with which they were surrounded. These woodlands comprized a noblechase, or royal park, fenced by an enclosure, termed, in the Latin of the middle ages, *Plexitium*, which gives the name of Plessis to so many villages in

France. The castle and village of which we particularly speak, was called Plessis-les-Tours, to distinguish it from others of the same name, and was built about two miles to the southward of the fair town of that name, the capital of ancient Touraine, whose rich plain has been termed the Garden of France.

On the bank of the above-mentioned brook, opposite to that which the traveller was approaching, two men, who appeared in deep conversation, seemed, from time to time, to watch his motions; for, as their station was much more elevated, they could remark him at considerable distance.

The age of the young traveller might be about nineteen, or betwixt that and twenty, and his face and person, which were very prepossessing, did not, however, belong to the country in which he was now a sojourner. His short grey cloak and hose were rather of Flemish than of French fashion, while the smart blue bonnet, with a single spring of holly and an eagle's feather, was already recognized as the Scottish head-gear. His dress was very neat, and arranged with the precision of a youth conscious of possessing a fine person. He had at his back a satchell, which seemed to contain a few necessaries, a hawking gauntlet on his left hand, though he carried no bird, and in his right a stout hunter's pole.

Over his left shoulder hung an embroidered scarf which sustained a small pouch of scarlet velvet, such as was then used by fowlers of distinction to carry their hawks' food, and other matters belonging to that much admired sport. This was crossed by another shoulder-belt, which sustained a hunting knife, or couteau de chasse. Instead of the boots of the period, he wore buskins of half-dressed deer's-skin.

Although his form had not yet attained its full strength, he was tall and active, and the lightness of the step with which he advanced shewed that his pedestrian mode of travelling was pleasure rather than pain to him. His complexion was fair, in spite of a general shade of darker hue, with which the foreign sun, or perhaps constant exposure to the atmosphere in his own country, had, in some degree, embrowned it.

His features, without being quite regular, were frank, open, and pleasing. A half smile, which seemed to arise from a happy exuberance of animal spirits, shewed, now and then, that his teeth were well set, and as pure as ivory; whilst his bright blue eye, with a corresponding gaiety, had an appropriate glance for every object which it encountered, expressing good humour, lightness of heart, and determined resolution.

He received and returned the salutation of the few travellers who frequented the road in these

dangerous times, with the action which suited each. The strolling spearman, half-soldier, half-brigand, measured the youth with his eye, as if balancing the prospect of booty with the chance of desperate resistance; and read such a prospect of the latter in the fearless glance of the passenger, that he changed his ruffian purpose for a surly «good morrow, comrade," which the young Scot answered with as martial, though a less sullen tone. The wandering pilgrim, or the begging friar, answered his reverend greeting with a paternal benedicite; and the dark-eyed peasant girl looked after him for many a step when they had passed each other, and interchanged a laughing good-morrow. In short, there was some attraction about his whole appearance not easily escaping attention, and which it derived from the combination of fearless frankness and good humour, with sprightly looks, and a handsome face and person. It seemed, too, as if his whole appearance bespoke one who was entering on life with no apprehension of the evils with which it is beset, and not much means of struggling with its hardships, excepting a lively spirit and a courageous disposition; and it is with such tempers that youth most readily sympathizes, and for whom age and experience feel affectionate and pitying interest.

The youth whom we have described, had been

long visible to the two persons who loitered on the opposite side of the small river which divided him from the park and the castle; but as he descended the rugged bank to the water's edge, with the light step of a roe which visits the fountain, the younger of the two said to the other, «It is our man — it is the Bohemian! If he attempts to cross the ford, he is a lost man — the water is up, and the ford impassable."

«Let him make that discovery himself, gossip," said the elder personage; «it may, perchance, save a rope, and break a proverb."

«I judge him by the blue cap," said the other, «for I cannot see his face. — Hark, sir — he halloos to know whether the water be deep."

«Nothing like experience in this world," answered the other — «let him try."

The young man, in the meanwhile, receiving no hint to the contrary, and taking the silence of those to whom he applied as an encouragement to proceed, entered the stream without further hesitation than the delay necessary to take off his buskins. The elder person, at the same moment, hallooed to him to beware, adding, in a lower tone, to his companion, «*Mortdieu* — gossip — you have made another mistake — this is not the Bohemian chatterer."

But the intimation to the youth came too late. He either did not hear or could not profit by it,

being already in the deep stream. To one less alert, and practised in the exercise of swimming, death had been certain, for the brook was both deep and strong.

«By Saint Anne! but he is a proper youth,» said the elder man — «Run, gossip, and help your blunder by giving him aid, if thou canst. He belongs to thine own troop — if old saws speak truth, water will not drown him."

Indeed, the young traveller swam so strongly, and buffeted the waves so well, that, notwithstanding the strength of the current, he was carried but a little way down from the ordinary landing place.

By this time the younger of the two strangers was hurrying down to the shore to render assistance, while the other followed him at a graver pace, saying to himself as he approached, «I knew water would never drown that young fellow.— By my halidome, he is ashore, and grasps his pole — If I make not the more haste, he will beat my gossip for the only charitable action which I ever saw him perform in his life."

There was some reason to augur such a conclusion of the adventure, for the bonny Scot had already accosted the younger Samaritan, who was lastening to his assistance, with these ireful words — «Discourteous dog! why did you not answer when I called to know if the passage was

fit to be attempted? May the foul fiend catch me, but I will teach you the respect due to strangers on the next occasion."

This was accompanied with that significant flourish with his pole which is called *le moulinet*, because the artist, holding it in the middle, brandishes the two ends in every direction, like the sails of a windmill in motion. His opponent, seeing himself thus menaced, laid hand upon his sword, for he was one of those who on all occasions are more ready for action than for speech; but his more considerate comrade, who came up, commanded him to forbear, and, turning to the young man, accused him in turn of precipitation in plunging into the swollen ford, and of intemperate violence in quarrelling with a man who was hastening to his assistance.

The young man, on hearing himself thus reproved by a man of advanced age and respectable appearance, immediately lowered his weapon, and said he would be sorry if he had done them injustice; but, in reality, it appeared to him as if they had suffered him put his life in peril for want of a word of timely warning, which could be the part neither of honest men nor of good Christians, far less of respectable burgesses, such as they seemed to be.

«Fair son," said the elder person, «you seem, from your accent and complexion, a stranger;

and you should recollect your dialect is not so easily comprehended by us, as perhaps it may be uttered by you."

«Well, father," answered the youth, «I do not care much about the ducking I have had, and I will readily forgive your being partly the cause, providing you will direct me to some place where I can have my clothes dried; for it is my only suit, and I must keep it somewhat decent."

«For whom do you take us, fair son?" said the elder stranger, in answer to this question.

«For substantial burgesses, unquestionably,» said the youth; «or, hold — you, master, may be a money-broker, or a corn-merchant; and this man a butcher, or grazier."

«You have hit our capacities rarely," said the elder, smiling. «My business is indeed to deal in as much money as I can; and my gossip's dealings are somewhat of kin to the butcher's. As to your accommodation, we will try to serve you; but I must first know who you are, and whither you are going; for, in these times, the roads are filled with travellers on foot and horseback, who have any thing in their head but honesty and the fear of God."

The young man cast another keen and penetrating glance on him who spoke, and on his silent companion, as if doubtful whether they, on their

part, merited the confidence they demanded; and the result of his observation was as follows.

The eldest, and most remarkable of these men in dress and appearance, resembled the merchant or shopkeeper of the period. His jerkin, hose, and cloak, were of a dark uniform colour, but worn so threadbare, that the acute young Scot conceived, that the wearer must be either very rich or very poor, probably the former. The fashion of the dress was close and short — a kind of garments which were not then held decorous among gentry, or even the superior class of citizens, who generally wore loose gowns which descended below the middle of the leg.

The expression of this man's countenance was partly attractive, and partly forbidding. His strong features, sunk cheeks, and hollow eyes, had, nevertheless, an expression of shrewdness and humour congenial to the character of the young adventurer. But then, those same sunken eyes, from under the shroud of thick black eyebrows, had something that was at once commanding and sinister. Perhaps this effect was increased by the low fur cap, much depressed on the forehead, and adding to the shade from under which those eyes peered out; but it is certain that the young stranger had some difficulty to reconcile his looks with the meanness of his appearance in other respects. His cap, in parti-

cular, in which all men of any quality displayed either a brooch of gold or of silver, was ornamented with a paltry image of the Virgin, in lead, such as the poorer sort of pilgrims bring from Loretto.

His comrade was a stout-formed, middle-sized man, more than ten years younger than his companion, with a down-looking visage and a very ominous smile, when by chance he gave way to that impulse, which was never except in reply to certain secret signs that seemed to pass between him and the elder stranger. This man was armed with a sword and dagger; and, underneath his plain habit, the Scotsman observed that he concealed a *jazeran*, or flexible shirt of linked mail, which, as being often worn by those, even of peaceful professions, who were called upon at this perilous period to be frequently abroad, confirmed the young man in his conjecture, that the wearer was by profession, a butcher, grazier, or something of that description.

The young stranger, comprehending in one glance the result of the observation which has taken us some time to express, answered, after a moment's pause, «I do not know whom I may have the honour to address," making a slight reverence at the same time, «but I am indifferent who knows that I am a cadet of Scotland; and

that I come to seek my fortune in France or elsewhere, after the custom of my countrymen."

«*Pasques-dieu!* and a gallant custom it is," said the elder stranger. «You seem a fine young springald, and at the right age to prosper, whether among men or women. What say you? I am a merchant, and want a lad to assist in my traffic — I suppose you are too much a gentleman to assist in such mechanical drudgery?"

«Fair sir," said the youth, «if your offer be seriously made — of which I have my doubts — I am bound to thank you for it, and I thank you accordingly; but I fear I should be altogether unfit for your service."

«What, I warrant thou knowest better how to draw the bow, than how to draw a bill of charges, — canst handle a broadsword better than a pen — ha!"

«I am, master," answered the young Scot, «a braeman, and therefore, as we say, a bowman. But I have been in a convent, where the good fathers taught me to read and write, and even to cypher."

«*Pasques-dieu!* that is too magnificent," said the merchant. «By our Lady of Embrun, thou art a prodigy, man!"

«Rest you merry, fair master," said the youth, who was not much pleased with his new acquaintance's jocularity, «I must go dry myself, in-

stead of standing dripping here, answering questions."

The merchant only laughed louder as he spoke, and answered, «*Pasques-dieu!* the proverb never fails — *fier comme un Ecossois* — but come, youngster, you are of a country I have a regard for, having traded in Scotland in my time — an honest poor set of folks they are; and, if you will come with us to the village, I will bestow on you a cup of burnt sack and a warm breakfast, to atone for your drenching. — But, *tête-bleau!* what do you with a hunting glove on your hand? Know you not there is no hawking permitted in the royal chase?"

«I was taught that by a rascally forester of the Duke of Burgundy. I did but fly the falcon I had brought with me from Scotland, and that I reckoned on for bringing me into some note, at a heron near Peronne, and the rascally schelm shot my bird with an arrow."

«What did you do?" said the merchant.

«Beat him," said the youngster, brandishing his staff, «as near to death as a Christian man should belabour another; for I wanted not to have his blood to answer."

«Know you, that had you fallen into the Duke of Burgundy's hands, he would have hung you up like a chesnut?"

«Ay, I am told he is as prompt as the King

of France for that sort of work. But, as this happened near Peronne, I made a leap over the frontier, and laughed at him. If he had not heen so hasty, I might perhaps have taken service with him."

"He will have a heavy miss of such a paladin as you are, if the truce should break off," said the merchant, and threw a look at his companion, who answered him with one of the downcast lowering smiles, which gleamed along his countenance, enlivening it as a passing meteor enlivens a winter sky.

The young Scot suddenly stopped, pulled his bonnet over his right eyebrow, as one that would not be ridiculed, and said firmly, "My masters, and especially you, sir, the elder, and who should be the wiser, you will find, I presume, no wise or safe jesting at my expence. I do not altogether like the tone of your conversation. I can take a jest with any man, and a rebuke, too, from my elder, and say thank you, sir, if I know it to be deserved; but I do not like being borne in hand as if I were a child, when, God wot, I find myself man enough to belabour you both, if you provoke me too far."

The eldest man seemed like to choke with laughter at the lad's demeanour — his companion's hand stole to his swort-hilt, which the youth observing, dealt him a blow across the wrist, which

made him incapable of grasping it; while his companion's mirth was only increased by the incident. «Hold, hold," he cried, «most doughty Scotchman, even for thine own dear country's sake; and you, gossip, forbear your menacing look. *Pasques-dieu!* let us be just traders, and set off the wetting against the knock on the wrist, which was given with so much grace and alacrity. — And hark ye, friend," he said to the young man, with a grave sternness, which, spite of all the youth could do, damped and overawed him, «no more violence. I am no fit object for it, and my gossip, as you may see, has had enough of it. Let me know your name."

«I can answer a civil question civilly," said the youth; «and will pay fitting respect to your age, if you do not urge my patience with mockery. Since I have been here in France and Flanders, men have called me, in their fantasy, the Varlet with the Velvet Pouch, because of this hawk-purse which I carry by my side; but my true name, when at home, is Quentin Durward."

«Durward!" said the querist; «is it a gentleman's name?"

«By fifteen descents in our family," said the young man; «and that makes me reluctant to follow any other trade than arms."

«A true Scot! Plenty of blood, plenty of pride, and right great scarcity of ducats, I war-

rant thee. — Well, gossip," he said to his companion, «go before us, and tell them to have some breakfast ready yonder at the Mulberry-grove; for this youth will do as much honour to it as a starved mouse to a housewife's cheese. And for the Bohemian — hark in thy ear —"

His comrade answered by a gloomy, but intelligent smile, and set forward at a round pace, while the elder man continued, addressing young Durward, — «You and I will push forward together, and we may take a mass at Saint Hubert's Chapel in our way through the forest; for it is not good to think of our fleshly before our spiritual wants."

Durward, as a good Catholic, had nothing to object against this proposal, although he would probably have been desirous, in the first place, to have dried his clothes and refreshed himself. Meanwhile, they soon lost sight of their downword-looking companion, but continued to follow the same path which he had taken, until it led them into a wood of tall trees, mixed with thickets and brush-wood, traversed by long avenues, through which were seen, as through a *vista*, the deer trotting in little herds, with a degree of security which argued their consciousness of being completely protected.

«You asked me if I were a good bowman," said the young Scot — «Give me a bow and a

brace of shafts, and you shall have a piece of venison."

«*Pasques-dieu!* my young friend," said his companion, «take care of that; my gossip yonder hath a special eye to the deer; they are under his charge, and he is a strict keeper."

«He hath more the air of a butcher, thán of a gay forester," answered Durward. «I cannot think yon hang-dog look of his belongs to any one who knows the gentle rules of wood-craft."

«Ah, my young friend," answered his companion, «my gossip hath somewhat an ugly favour to look upon at the first, but those who become acquainted with him, never are known to complain of him."

Quentin Durward found something singularly and disagreeably significant in the tone with which this was spoken; and, looking suddenly at the speaker, thought he saw in his countenance, in the slight smile that curled his upper lip, and the accompanying twinkle of his keen dark eye, something to justify his unpleasing surprise. «I have heard of robbers," he thought to himself, «and of wily cheats and cut-throats — what if yonder fellow be a murderer, and this old rascal his decoy-duck? I will be on my guard — they will get little by me but good Scottish knocks."

While he was thus reflecting, they came to a glade, where the large forest trees were more

widely separated from each other, and where the ground beneath, cleared of underwood and bushes, was clothed with a carpet of the softest and most lovely verdure, which, screened from the scorching heat of the sun, was here more beautifully tender than it is usually to be seen in France. The trees in this secluded spot were chiefly beeches and elms of huge magnitude, which rose like great hills of leaves into the air. Amidst these magnificent sons of the earth, there peeped out, in the most open spot of the glade, a lowly chapel, near which trickled a small rivulet. Its architecture was of the rudest and most simple kind; and there was a very small lodge beside it, for the accommodation of a hermit or solitary priest, who remained there for regularly discharging the duty of the altar. In a small niche, over the arched door-way, stood a stone image of Saint Hubert, with the bugle-horn around his neck, and a leash of greyhounds at his feet. The situation of the chapel in the midst of a park or chase, so richly stocked with game, made the dedication to the Sainted Huntsman peculiarly appropriate.

Towards this little devotional structure the old man directed his steps, followed by young Durward; and, as they approached, the priest, dressed in his sacerdotal garments, made his appearance, in the act of proceeding from his cell

to the chapel, for the discharge doubtless of his holy office. Durward bowed his body reverently to the priest, as the respect due to his sacred office demanded; whilst his companion, with an appearance of still more deep devotion, kneeled on one knee to receive the holy man's blessing, and then followed him into church, with a step and manner expressive of the most heartfelt contrition and humility.

The inside of the chapel was adorned in a manner adapted to the occupation of the patron-saint while on earth. The richest furs of animals which are made the objects of the chase in different countries, supplied the place of tapestry and hangings around the altar and elsewhere, and the characteristic emblazonments of bugles, bows, quivers, and other emblems of hunting, surrounded the walls, and were mingled with the heads of deer, wolves, and other animals considered beasts of sport. The whole adornments took a sylvan character; and the mass itself, being considerably shortened, proved to be of that sort which is called a *hunting-mass*, because in use before the noble and powerful, who, while assisting at the solemnity, are usually impatient to commence their favourite sport.

Yet, during this brief ceremony, Durward's companion seemed to pay the most rigid and scrupulous attention; while his younger compa-

nion, not quite so much occupied with religious thoughts, could not forbear blaming himself in his own mind, for having entertained suspicions derogatory to the character of so good and so humble a man. Far from now holding him as a companion and complice of robbers, he had much to do to forbear regarding him as a saint-like personage.

When mass was ended, they retired together from the chapel, and the elder said to his young comrade, «It is but a short walk from hence to the village — you may now break your fast with an unprejudiced conscience — follow me."

Turning to the right, and proceeding along a path which seemed gradually to ascend, he desired his companion by no means to quit the track, but, on the contrary, to keep the middle of it as nearly as he could. Durward could not help asking the cause of this precaution.

«You are now near the court, young man," answered his guide; «and, *Pasques-dieu!* there is some difference betwixt walking in this region and on your own heathy hills. Every yard of this ground, excepting the path which we now occupy, is rendered dangerous, and well nigh impracticable, by snares and traps, armed with scythe-blades, which shred off the unwary passenger's limb as sheerly as a hedge-bill lops a hawthorn sprig — and calthrops that would pierce

your foot through, and pit-falls deep enough to bury you in for ever; for you are now within the precincts of the royal demesne, and we shall presently see the front of the Chateau."

«Were I the King of France," said the young man, «I would not take so much trouble with traps and gins, but would try instead to govern so well, that no one should dare to come near my dwelling with a bad intent; and for those who came there in peace and good will, why, the more of them the merrier we should be."

His companion looked round with an alarmed gaze, and said, «Hush, hush, Sir Varlet with the Velvet Pouch! for I forgot to tell you, that one great danger of these precincts is, that the very leaves of the trees are like so many ears, which carry all which is spoken to the King's own cabinet."

«I care little for that," answered Quentin Durward; «I bear a Scottish tongue in my head, bold enough to speak my mind to King Louis's face, God bless him — and, for the ears you talk of, if I could see them growing on a human head, I would crop them out of it with my wood-knife."

# CHAPTER III.

## THE CASTLE.

*Full in the midst a mighty pile arose,*
*Where iron-grated gates their strength oppose*
*To each invading step — and, strong and steep,*
*The battled walls arose, the fosse sunk deep.*
*Slow round the fortress roll'd the sluggish stream,*
*And high in middle air the warder's turrets gleam.*

*Anonymous.*

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While Durward and his new acquaintance thus spoke, they came in sight of the whole front of the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, which even in those dangerous times, when the great found themselves obliged to reside within places of fortified strength, was distinguished for the extreme and jealous care with which it was watched and defended.

From the verge of the wood where young Durward halted with his companion, in order to

take a view of this royal residence, extended, or rather arose, though by a very gentle elevation, an open esplanade, clear of trees and bushes of every description, excepting one gigantic and half-withered old oak. This space was left open, ac-- cording to the rules of fortification in all ages, in order that an enemy might not approach the walls under cover, or unobserved from the battlements, and beyond it arose the Castle itself.

There were three external walls, battlemented and turretted from space to space, and at each angle, the second inclosure rising higher than the first, and being built so as to command it in case it was won by the enemy; and being again, in the same manner, commanded by the third and innermost barrier. Around the external wall, as the Frenchman informed his young companion, (for as they stood lower than the foundation of the wall, he could not see it,) was sunk a ditch of about twenty feet in depth, supplied with water by a dam-head on the river Cher, or rather on one of its tributary branches. In front of the second inclosure, he said, there ran another fosse, and a third, both of the same unusual dimensions, was led between the second and the innermost inclosure. The verge, both of the outer and inner circuit of this triple moat, was strongly fenced with palisades of iron, serving the purpose of what are called *chevaux-de-frise*

in modern fortification, the top of each pale being divided into a cluster of sharp spikes, which seemed to render any attempt to climb over an act of self-destruction.

From within the innermost inclosure arose the castle itself, containing buildings of different periods, crowded around, and united with the ancient and grim-looking donjon-keep, which was older than any of them, and which rose, like a black Ethiopian giant, high into the air, while the absence of any windows larger than shot-holes, irregularly disposed for defence, gave the spectator the same unpleasant feeling which we experience on looking on a blind man. The other buildings seemed scarcely better adapted for the purposes of comfort, for what windows they had opened to an internal court-yard; so that the whole external front looked much more like that of a prison than of a palace. The reigning King had even increased this effect; for, desirous that the additions which he himself made to the for tifications should be of a character not easily distinguished from the original building, (for, like many jealous persons, he loved not that his suspicions should be observed,) the darkest-coloured brick and free-stone were employed, and soot mingled with the lime, so as to give the whole Castle the same uniform tinge of extreme and rude antiquity.

This formidable place had but one entrance, at least Durward saw none along the spacious front, except where, in the centre of the first and outward bouudary, arose two strong towers, the usual defences of a gateway; and they could observe their ordinary accompaniments. portcullis and draw-bridge — of which the first was lowered, and the last raised. Similar entrance-towers were visible on the second and third bounding wall, but not in the same line with those on the outward circuit; because the passage did not cut right through the whole three inclosures at the same point, but, on the contrary, those who entered had to proceed nearly thirty yards betwixt the first and second wall, exposed, if their purpose were hostile, to missiles from both; and again, when the second boundary was passed, they must make a second digression from the straight line, in order to attain the portal of the third and innermost inclosure; so that before gaining the outer court, which ran along the front of the building, two narrow and dangerous defiles were to be traversed, under a flanking discharge of artillery, and three gates, defended in the strongest manner known to the age, were to be successively forced.

Coming from a country alike desolated by foreign war and internal feuds, — a country, too, whose unequal and mountainous surface,

abounding in precipices and torrents, affords so many situations of strength, — young Durward was sufficiently acquainted with all the various contrivances by which men, in that stern age, endeavoured to secure their dwellings; but he frankly owned to his companion, that he did not think it had been in the power of art to do so much for defence, where nature had done so little; for the situation, as we have hinted, was merely the summit of a gentle elevation, ascending upwards from the place where they were standing.

To enhance his surprise, his companion told him that the environs of the Castle, except the single winding path by which the portal might be safely approached, were, like the thickets through which they had passed, surrounded with every species of hidden pit-fall, snare, and gin, to entrap the wretch who should venture thither without a guide; that upon the walls were constructed certain cradles of iron, called *swallows' nests*, from which the sentinels, who were regularly posted there, could take deliberate aim at any who should attempt to enter without the proper signal or password of the day; and that the Archers of the Royal Guard performed that duty day and night, for which they received high pay, rich clothing, and much honour and profit, at the hands of King Louis. «And now tell me, young man,"

he continued, «did you ever see so strong a fortress, and do you think there are men bold enough to storm it?"

The young man looked long and fixedly on the place, the sight of which interested him so much, that he had forgotten, in the eagerness of youthful curiosity, the wetness of his dress. His eye glanced, and his colour mounted to his cheek like that of a daring man who meditates an honourable action, as he replied, «It is a strong castle, and strongly guarded; but there is no impossibility to brave men."

«Are there any in your country who could do such a feat?" said the elder, rather scornfully.

«I will not affirm that," answered the youth; «but there are thousands that, in a good cause, would attempt as bold a deed."

«Umph!"— said the senior, «perhaps you are yourself such a gallant?"

«I should sin if I were to boast where there is no danger," answered young Durward; «but my father has done as bold an act, and I trust I am no bastard."

«Well," said his companion, smiling, «you might meet your match, and your kindred withal in the attempt; for the Scottish Archers of King Louis's Life-guards stand sentinels on yonder walls — three hundred gentlemen of the best blood in your country."

«And were I King Louis," said the youth, in reply, «I would trust myself to the three hundred Scottish gentlemen, throw down my bounding walls to fill up the moat, call in my noble peers and paladins, and live as became me, amid breaking of lances in gallant tournaments, and feasting of days with nobles, and dancing of nights with ladies, and have no more fear of a foe than I have of a fly."

His companion again smiled, and turning his back on the castle, which, he observed, they had approached a little too nearly, he led the way again into the wood, by a more broad and beaten path than they had yet trodden. «This," he said, «leads us to the village of Plessis, as it is called, where you, as a stranger, will find reasonable and honest accommodation. About two miles onward lies the fine city of Tours, which gives name to this rich and beautiful earldom. But the village Plessis, or Plessis of the Park, as it is sometimes called, from its vicinity to the royal residence, and the chase with which it is encircled, will yield you nearer, and as convenient hospitality."

«I thank you, kind master, for your information," said the Scot; «but my stay will be so short here, that so I fail not in a morsel of meat, and a drink of something better than water, my

necessities in Plessis, be it of the park or the pool, will be amply satisfied."

«Nay," answered his companion, «I thought you had some friend to see in this quarter."

«And so I have — my mother's own brother," answered Durward; «and as pretty a man, before he left the braes of Angus, as ever planted brogue on heather."

«What is his name?" said the senior; «we will inquire him out for you; for it is not safe for you to go up to the Castle, where you might be taken for a spy."

«Now, by my father's hand!" said the youth, I taken for a spy! — By heaven, he shall brook cold iron that brands me with such a charge! — But for my uncle's name, I care not who knows it — it is Lesly. Lesly — an honest and noble name."

«And so it is, I doubt not," said the old man; «but there are three of the name in the Scottish Guard."

«My uncle's name is Ludovic Leslie," said the young man.

«Of the three Leslies," answered the merchant, «two are called Ludovic."

«They call my kinsman Ludovic with the Scar," said Quentin. — «Our family names are so common in a Scottish house, that, where there is no land in the case, we always give a *to-name.*"

«*A nom de guerre*, I suppose you to mean," answered his companion; «and the man you speak of, we, I think, call *Le Balafré*, from that scar on his face — a proper man, and a good soldier. I wish I may be able to help you to an interview with him, for he belongs to a set of gentlemen whose duty is strict, and who do not often come out of garrison, unless in the immediate attendance on the King's person. — And now, young man, answer me one question. I will wager you are desirous to take service with your uncle in the Scottish Guard. It is a great thing, if you propose so; especially as you are very young, and some years experience is necessary for the high office which you aim at."

«Perhaps I may have thought on some such thing," said Durward, carelessly; «but if I did, the fancy is off."

«How so, young man?" said the Frenchman, something sternly — «Do you speak thus of a charge which the most noble of your countrymen feel themselves emulous to be admitted to?"

«I wish them joy of it," said Quentin, composedly. — «To speak plain, I should have liked the service of the French King full well; only, dress me as fine, and feed me as high as you will, I love the open air better than being shut up in a cage or a swallow's nest yonder, as you call these same grated pepper-boxes. Besides,"

he added, in a lower voice, «to speak truth, I love not the Castle when the covin-tree bears such acorns as I see yonder."

«I guess what you mean," said the Frenchman; «but speak yet more plainly."

«To speak more plainly, then," said the youth, «there grows a fair oak some flight-shot or so from yonder castle — and on that oaks hangs a man in a grey jerkin, such as this which I wear."

«Ay and indeed!" said the man of France — «*Pasques-dieu!* see what it is to have youthful eyes! Why, I did see something, but only took it for a raven among the branches. But the sight is no way strange, young man; when the summer fades into autumn, and moonlight nights are long, and roads become unsafe, you will see a cluster of ten, ay of twenty such acorns, hanging on that old doddered oak. — But what then? — they are so many banners displayed to scare knaves; and for each rogue that hangs there, an honest man may reckon that there is a thief, a traitor, a robber on the highway, a pillour and oppressor of the people, the fewer in France. Those, young man, are signs of our Sovereign's justice."

«I would have hung them farther from my palace though, were I King Louis," said the youth. — «In my country we hang up dead corbies where living corbies haunt, but not in our gardens or pigeon-houses. The very scent of

the carrion — fough — reached my nostrils at the distance where we stood."

„If you live to be an honest and loyal servant of your Prince, my good youth," answered the Frenchman, „you will know there is no perfume to match the scent of a dead traitor."

„I shall never wish to live till I lose the scent of my nostrils or the sight of my eyes," said the Scot. — „Shew me a living traitor, and here are my hand and my weapon; but when life is out, hatred should not live longer. — But here, I fancy, we come upon the village; where I hope to shew you that neither ducking nor disgust have spoiled mine appetite for my breakfast. So, my good friend, to the hostelrie, with all the speed you may. — Yet ere I accept of your hospitality, let me know by what name to call you."

„Men call me Maitre Pierre," answered his companion. — „I deal in no titles. A plain man, that can live on mine own good — that is my designation."

„So be it, Maitre Pierre," said Quentin, „and I am happy my good chance has thrown us together; for I want a word of seasonable advice, and can be thankful for it."

While they spoke thus, the tower of the church, and a tall wooden crucifix, rising above the trees, shewed that they were at the entrance of the village.

But Maitre Pierre, deflecting a little from the road, which had now joined an open and public causeway, said to his companion, that the inn to which he intended to introduce him stood somewhat secluded, and received only the better sort of travellers.

«If you mean those who travel with the better-filled purses," answered the Scot, «I am none of the number, and will rather stand my chance of your flayers on the highway than of your flayers in the hostelrie."

«*Pasques-dieu!*" said his guide, «how cautious your countrymen of Scotland are! An Englishman, now, throws himself headlong into a tavern, eats and drinks of the best, and never thinks of the reckoning till his belly is full. But you forget, Master Quentin, since Quentin is your name, you forget I owe you a breakfast for the wetting which my mistake procured you — It is the penance of my offence towards you."

«In truth," said the light-hearted young man, «I had forgot wetting, offence, and penance and all. I have walked my clothes dry, or nearly so, and I will not refuse your offer in kindness, for my dinner yesterday was a light one, and supper I had none. You seem an old and respectable burgess, and I see no reason why I should not accept your courtesy."

The Frenchman smiled aside, for he saw plain-

ly that the youth, while he was probably half-famished, had yet some difficulty te reconcile himself to the thoughts of feeding upon a stranger's cost, and was endeavouring to subdue his inward pride by the reflection, that, in such slight obligations, the acceptor performed as complaisant a part as he by whom the courtesy was offered.

In the meanwhile, they descended a narrow lane, overshadowed by tall elms, at the bottom of which a gate-way admitted them into the court-yard of an inn of unusual magnitude, calculated for the accommodation of the nobles and suitors who had business at the neighbouring castle, where very seldom, and only when such hospitality was altogether unavoidable, did Louis XI. permit any of his court to have apartments. A scutcheon, bearing the *fleur-de-lys*, hung over the principal door of the large irregular building; but there was about the yard and the offices little or none of the bustle which in those days, when attendants were maintained both in public and private houses, marked that business was alive, and custom plenty. It seemed as if the stern and unsocial character of the royal mansion in the neighbourhood had communicated a portion of its solemn and terrific gloom even to a place designed for the temple of social indulgence, merry society, and good cheer.

Maitre Pierre, without calling any one, and even without approaching the principal entrance, lifted the latch of a side door, and led the way into a large room, where a faggot was blazing on the hearth, and arrangements made for a substantial breakfast.

«My gossip has been careful," said the Frenchman to the Scot — «You must be cold, and I have commanded a fire; you must be hungry, and you shall have breakfast presently."

He whistled, and the landlord entered, — answered his *bon jour* with a reverence, — but in no respect shewed any part of the prating humour properly belonging to a French publican of all ages.

«I expected a gentleman," said Maitre Pierre, «to order breakfast — Hath he done so?"

In answer, the landlord only bowed; and while he continued to bring, and arrange upon the table, the various articles of a comfortable meal, omitted to extol their merits by a single word. — And yet the breakfast merited such eulogiums as French hosts are wont to confer upon their regales, as the reader will be informed in the next Chapter.

# CHAPTER IV.

## THE DEJEUNER.

*Sacred heaven! what masticators! what bread!*

*Yorick's Travels.*

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We left our young stranger in France, situated more comfortably than he had found himself since entering the territories of the ancient Gauls. The breakfast, as we hinted in the conclusion of the last Chapter, was admirable. There was a *paté de Perigord*, over which a gastronome would have wished to live and die, like Homer's lotus eaters, forgetful of kin, native country, and all social obligations whatsoever. Its vast walls of magnificent crust seemed raised like the bulwarks of some rich metropolitan city, an emblem of the wealth which they are designed to protect. There was a delicate ragout, with just that *petit point de l'ail* which Gascons love, and Scotchmen

do not hate. There was, besides, a delicate ham, which had once supported a noble wild boar in the neighbouring wood of Mountrichart. There was the most delicate white bread, made into little round loaves called *boules*, (whence the bakers took their French name of *boulangers*,) of which the crust was so inviting, that, even with water alone, it would have been a delicacy. But the water was not alone, for there was a flask of leather called *bottrine*, which contained about a quart of exquisite *Vin de Baulne.* So many good things might have created appetite under the ribs of death. What effect, then, must they have produced upon a youngster of scarce twenty, who (for the truth must be told) had eaten little for the two last days, save the scarcely ripe fruit which chance afforded him an opportunity of plucking, and a very moderate portion of barley bread. He threw himself upon the ragout, and the plate was presently vacant — he attacked the mighty pasty, marched deep into the bowels of the land, and, seasoning his enormous meal with an occasional cup of wine, returned to the charge again and again, to the astonishment of mine host, and the amusement of Maitre Pierre.

The latter, indeed, probably because he found himself the author of a kinder action than he had thought of, seemed delighted with the appetite

of the young Scot; and when, at length, he observed that his exertions began to languish, endeavoured to stimulate him to new efforts, by ordering confections, *darioles*, and any other light dainties he could think of, to entice the youth to continue his meal. While thus engaged, Maitre Pierre's countenance expressed a kind of good humour almost amounting to benevolence, which appeared remote from its ordinary sharp, caustic, and severe character. The aged almost always sympathize with the enjoyments of youth, and with its exertions of every kind, when the mind of the spectator rests on its natural poise, and is not disturbed by inward envy or idle emulation.

Quentin Durward also, while thus agreeably employed, could do no otherwise than discover that the countenance of his entertainer, which he had at first found so unprepossessing, mended when it was seen under the influence of the *Vin de Beaulne*, and there was kindness in the tone with which he reproached Maitre Pierre, that he amused himself with laughing at his appetite, without eating any thing himself.

«I am doing penance," said Maitre Pierre, «and may not eat any thing before noon, save some confiture and a cup of water. Bid yonder lady," he added, turning to the inn-keeper, «bring them hither to me."

The inn-keeper left the room, and Maitre

Pierre proceeded, — «Well, have I kept faith with you concerning the breakfast I promised you?»

«The best meal I have eaten,» said the youth, «since I left Glen-houlakin.»

«Glen — what?» demanded Maitre Pierre; «are you going to raise the devil, that you use such long-tailed words?»

«Glen-houlakin, which is to say the Glen of the Midges, is the name of our ancient patrimony, my good sir. You have bought the right to laugh at the sound, if you please.»

«I have not the least intention to offend,» said the old man; «but I was about to say, since you like your present meal so well, that the Scottish archers of the guard eat as good a one, or a better, every day.»

«No wonder,» said Durward, «for if they are shut up in the *swallows' nests* all night, they must needs have a curious appetite in the morning.»

«And plenty to gratify it upon,» said Maitre Pierre. «They need not, like the Burgundians, choose a bare back, that they may have a full belly — they dress like counts, and feast like abbots.»

«It is well for them,» said Durward.

«And wherefore will you not take service here, young man? Your uncle might, I dare say, have you placed on the file when there should

a vacancy occur. And, hark in your ear, I myself have some little interest, and might be of some use to you. You can ride, I presume, as well as draw the bow?"

«Our race are as good horsemen as ever put a plated shoe into a steel stirrup; and I know not but I might accept of your kind offer. Yet, look you, food and raiment are needful things, but, in my case, men think of honour, and advancement, and brave deeds of arms. Your King Louis — God bless him, I say, for he is friend and ally of Scotland — but he lies here in his Castle, or only rides about from one fortified town to another; and gains cities and provinces by politic embassies, and not in fair fighting. Now, for me, I am of the Douglasses' mind, who always kept the fields, because they loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak."

«Young man," said Maitre Pierre, «do not judge too rashly of the actions of sovereigns. Louis seeks to spare the blood of his subjects, and cares not for his own. He shewed himself a man of courage at Montlhéry."

«Ay, but that was some dozen years ago or more," answered the youth. — «I should like to follow a master that would keep his honour as bright as his shield, and always venture foremost in the very throng of the battle."

«Why did you not tarry at Brussels, then, with the Duke of Burgundy? He would put you in the way to have your bones broken every day; and, rather than fail, would do the job for you himself — especially if he heard that you had beaten his foresfer."

«Very true," said Quentin; «my unhappy chance has shut that door against me."

«Nay, there are plenty of dare-devils abroad with whom mad youngsters may find service," said his adviser. «What think you, for example, of William de la Mark?"

«What!" exclaimed Durward, «serve Him with the Beard — serve the wild Boar of Ardennes — a captain of pillagers and murderers, who would take a man's life for the value of his gaberdine, and who slays priests and pilgrims as if they were so many lance-knights and men-at-arms? It would be a blot on my father's scutcheon for ever."

«Well, my young hot-blood," replied Maitre Pierre, «if you hold the *Sanglier* too unscrupulous, wherefore not follow the young Duke of Gueldres?"

«Follow the foul fiend as soon," said Quentin. «Hark in your ear — he is a burthen too heavy for earth to carry — hell gapes for him! Men say that he keeps his own father imprisoned, and that he has even struck him — Can you believe it?"

Maitre Pierre seemed somewhat disconcerted with the naive horror with which the young Scotchman spoke of filial ingratitude, and he answered, «You know not, young man, how short a while the relations of blood subsist amongst those of elevated rank;" then changed the tone of feeling in which he had begun to speak, and added, gaily, «besides, if the Duke has beaten his father, I warrant you, his father hath beaten him of old, so it is but a clearing of scores."

«I marvel to hear you speak thus," said the Scotchman, colouring with indignation; «gray hairs such as yours ought to have fitter subjects for jesting. If the old Duke did beat his son in childhood, he beat him not enough; for better he had died under the rod, than have lived to make the Christian world ashamed that such a monster had been ever baptized."

«At this rate," said Maitre Pierre, «as you weigh the characters of each prince and leader, I think you had better become a captain yourself; for where will one so wise find a chieftain fit to command him?"

«You laugh at me, Maitre Pierre," said the youth, good-humouredly, «and perhaps you are right; but you have not named a man who is a gallant leader, and keeps a brave party up here, under whom a man might seek service well enough."

«I cannot guess whom you mean."

«Why he that hangs like Mahomet's coffin (a curse be upon him!) between the two loadstones — he that no man can call either French or Burgundian, but who knows to hold the balance between them both, and makes both of them fear and serve him, for as great princes as they be."

«I cannot guess whom you mean," said Maitre Pierre, thoughtfully.

«Why, whom should I mean but the noble Louis de Luxembourg, Count of Saint Paul, the High Constable of France? Yonder he makes his place good, with his gallant little army, holding his head as high as either King Louis or Duke Charles, and balancing between them, like the boy who stands on the midst of a plank, while two others are swinging on the opposite ends."

«He is in danger of the worst fall of the three," said Maitre Pierre. «And hark ye, my young friend, you who hold pillaging such a crime, do you know that your politic Count of Saint Paul was the first who set the example of burning the country during the time of war? and that before the shameful devastation which he committed, open towns and villages, which made no resistance, were spared on all sides?"

«Nay, faith," said Durward, «if that be the case, I shall begin to think no one of these great men is much better than another, and that a choice

among them is but like choosing a tree to be hung upon. But this Count de Saint Paul, this Constable, hath possessed himself by clean conveyance of the town which takes its name from my honoured saint and patron, Saint Quentin, (here he crossed himself,) and methinks, were I dwelling there, my holy patron would keep some look-out for me — he has not so many named after him as your more popular saints — and yet he must have forgotten me, poor Quentin Durward, his spiritual god-son, since he lets me go one day without food, and leaves me the next morning to the harbourage of Saint Julian, and the chance courtesy of a stranger, purchased by a ducking in the renowned river Cher, or one of its tributaries.

«Blaspheme not the saints, my young friend,» said Maitre Pierre. «Saint Julian is the faithful patron of travellers; and, peradventure, the blessed Saint Quentin hath done more and better for thee than thou art aware of."

As he spoke, the door opened, and a girl, rather above than under fifteen years old, entered with a platter, covered with damask, on which was placed a small saucer of the dried plums which have always added to the reputation of Tours, and a cup of the curiously chased plate which the goldsmiths of that city were anciently famous for executing, with a delicacy of workmanship that distinguished them from the other

cities of France, and even excelled the skill of the metropolis. The form of the goblet was so elegant, that Durward thought not of observing closely whether the material was of silver, or, like what had been placed before himself, of a baser metal, but so well burnished as to resemble the richer ore.

But the sight of the young person by whom this service was executed, attracted Durward's attention far more than the petty particulars of the duty which she performed.

He speedily made the discovery, that a quantity of long black tresses, which, in the maiden fashion of his own country, were unadorned by any ornament, excepting a single chaplet lightly woven out of ivy leaves, formed a veil around a countenance, which, in its regular features, dark eyes, and pensive expression, resembled that of Melpomene, though there was a faint glow on the cheek, and an intelligence on the lips and in the eye, which made it seem that gaiety was not foreign to a countenance so expressive, although it might not be its most habitual expression. Quentin even thought he could discern that depressing circumstances were the cause why a countenance so young and so lovely was graver than belongs to early beauty; and as the romantic imagination of youth is rapid in drawing conclusions from slight premises, he was

pleased to infer, from what follows, that the fate of this beautiful vision was wrapped in silence and mystery.

«How now, Jacqueline!" said Maitre Pierre, when she entered the apartment — «Wherefore this? Did I not desire that Dame Perette should bring what I wanted? — *Pasques-dieu*! — Is she, or does she think herself, too good to serve me?»

«My mother is ill at ease," answered Jacqueline, in a hurried yet a humble tone; «ill at ease, and keeps her chamber."

«She keeps it *alone*, I hope?" replied Maitre Pierre, with some emphasis; «I am *vieux routier*, and none of those upon whom feigned disorders pass for apologies."

Jacqueline turned pale, and even tottered at the answer of Maitre Pierre; for it must be owned, that his voice and looks, at all times harsh, caustic, and unpleasing, had, when he expressed anger or suspicion, an effect both sinister and alarming.

The mountain chivalry of Quentin Durward was instantly awakened, and he hastened to approach Jacqueline, and relieve her of the burthen she bore, and which she passively resigned to him, while, with a timid and anxious look, she watched the countenance of the angry burgess. It was not in nature to resist the piercing and pity-craving expression of her looks, and Maitre Pierre proceeded, not merely with an air of

diminished displeasure, but with as much gentleness as he could assume in countenance and manner, «I blame not thee, Jacqueline, and thou art too young to be, what it is pity to think thou must be one day — a false and treacherous thing, like the rest of thy giddy sex. No man ever lived to man's estate, but he had the opportunity to know you all. Here is a Scottish cavalier will tell you the same."

Jacqueline looked for an instant on the young stranger, as if to obey Maitre Pierre, but the glance, momentary as it was, appeared to Durward a pathetic appeal to him for support and sympathy; and with the promptitude dictated by the feelings of youth, and the romantic veneration for the female sex inspired by his education, he answered hastily, «That he would throw down his gage to any antagonist, of equal rank and equal age, who should presume to say such a countenance, as that which he now looked upon, could be animated by other than the purest and the truest mind."

The young woman grew deadly pale, and cast an apprehensive glance upon Maitre Pierre, in whom the bravado of the young gallant seemed only to excite laughter, more scornful than applausive. Quentin, whose second thoughts generally corrected the first, though sometimes after they had found utterance, blushed deeply at

having uttered what might be construed into an empty boast, in presence of an old man of a peaceful profession; and, as a sort of just and appropriate penance, resolved patiently to submit to the ridicule which he had incurred. He offered the cup and trencher to Maitre Pierre with a blush on his cheek, and a humiliation of countenance, which endeavoured to disguise itself under an embarrassed smile.

«You are a foolish young man," said Maitre Pierre, «and know as little of women as of princes, — whose hearts," he said, crossing himself devoutly, «God keeps in his right hand."

«And who keeps those of the women, then?" said Quentin, resolved, if he could help it, not to be borne down by the assumed superiority of this extraordinary old man, whose lofty and careless manner possessed an influence over him of which he felt ashamed.

«I am afraid you must ask of them in another quarter," said Maitre Pierre, composedly.

Quentin was again rebuffed, but not utterly disconcerted. «Surely," he said to himself, "I do not pay this same burgess of Tours all the deference which I yield him, on account of the miserable obligation of a breakfast, though it was a right good and substantial meal. Dogs and hawks are attached by feeding only — man must have kindness, if you would bind him with the

cords of affection and obligation. But he is an extraordinary person; and that beautiful emanation that is even now vanishing — surely a thing so fair belongs not to this mean place, belongs not even to the money-gathering merchant himself, though he seems to exert authority over her, as doubtless he does over all whom chance brings within his little circle. It is wonderful what ideas of consequence these Flemings and Frenchmen attach to wealth — so much more than wealth deserves, that I suppose this old merchant thinks the civility I pay to his age is given to his money — I, a Scottish gentleman of blood and coat-armour, and he a mechanic of Tours!"

Such were the thoughts which hastily traversed the mind of young Durward; while Maitre Pierre said, with a smile, and at the same time patting Jacqueline's head, from which hung down her long tresses, «This young man will serve me, Jacqueline — thou mayest withdraw. I will tell thy negligent mother she does ill to expose thee to be gazed on unnecessarily."

«It was only to wait on you," said the maiden. «I trust you will not be displeased with your kinswoman, since —"

«*Pasques-dieu*!" said the merchant, interrupting her, but not harshly, «do you bandy words with me, you brat, or stay you to gaze upon the

youngster here? — Begone — he is noble, and his services will suffice me."

Jacqueline vanished; and so much was Quentin Durward interested in her sudden disappearance, that it broke his previous thread of reflection, and he complied mechanically, when Maitre Pierre said, in the tone of one accustomed to be obeyed, as he threw himself carelessly upon a large easy-chair, „Place that tray beside me."

The merchant then let his dark eye-brows sink over his keen eyes, so that the last became scarce visible, or but shot forth occasionally a quick and vivid ray, like those of the sun setting behind a dark cloud, through which its beams are occasionally darted, but singly, and for an instant.

„That is a beautiful creature," said the old man at last, raising his head, and looking steady and firmly at Quentin, when he put the question — „a lovely girl to be the servant of an *auberge*? — she might grace the board of an honest burgess; but 'tis a vile education, a base origin."

It sometimes happens that a chance-shot will demolish a noble castle in the air, and the architect on such occasions entertains little good-will towards him who fires it, although the damage on the offender's part may be wholly unintentional. Quentin was disconcerted, and was disposed to be angry — he himself knew not why — with this old man, for acquainting him that this

beautiful creature was neither more nor less than what her occupation announced — the servant of this *auberge* — an upper servant, indeed, and probably a niece of the landlord, or such like; but still a domestic, and obliged to comply with the humour of the customers, and particularly of Maitre Pierre, who probably had sufficiency of whims, and was rich enough to insure their being attended to.

The thought, the lingering thought again returned on him, that he ought to make the old gentleman understand the difference betwixt their conditions, and call on him to mark, that, how rich soever he might be, his wealth put him on no level with a Durward of Glen-houlakin. Yet, whenever he looked on Maitre Pierre's countenance with such a purpose, there was, notwithstanding the downcast look, pinched features, and mean and miserly dress, something which prevented the young man from asserting the superiority over the merchant, which he conceived himself to possess. On the countrary, the oftener and more fixedly Quentin looked at him, the stronger became his curiosity to know who, or what, this man actually was; and he set him down internally for at least a Syndic or high magistrate of Tours, or one who was, in some way or other, in the full habit of exacting and receiving deference.

Meantime, the merchant seemed again sunk into a reverie, from which he raised himself only to make the sign of the cross devoutly, and to eat some of the dried fruit, with a morsel of biscuit. He then signed to Quentin to give him the cup, adding, however, as he presented it — «You are noble."

«I surely am," replied the Scot, «if fifteen descents can make me so — So I told you before. But do not constrain yourself on that account, Maitre Pierre — I have always been taught it is the duty of the young to assist the more aged."

«An excellent maxim," said the merchant, availing himself of the youth's assistance in handing the cup, and filling it from a ewer which seemed of the same materials with the goblet, without any of those scruples in point of propriety which perhaps Quentin had expected to excite.

«The devil take the ease and familiarity of this old mechanical burgher," said Durward once more to himself; «he uses the attendance of a noble Scottish gentleman with as little ceremony as I would that of a gillie from Glen isla."

The merchant, in the meanwhile, having finished his cup of water, said to his companion, «From the zeal with which you seemed to relish the *Vin de Beaulne*, I fancy you would not care much to pledge me in this elemental liquor. But

I have an elixir about me which can convert even the rock water into the richest wines of France."

As he spoke, he took a large purse from his bosom, made of the fur of the sea-otter, and streamed a shower of small silver pieces into the goblet, until the cup, which was but a small one, was more than half full.

«You have reason to be more thankful, young man," said Maitre Pierre, «both to your patron Saint Quentin, and to Saint Julian, than you seemed to be but now. I would advise you to bestow alms in their name. Remain in this hostelry until you see your kinsman, Le Balafré, who will be relieved from guard in the afternoon. I will cause him to be acquainted that he may find you here, for I have business in the Castle."

Quentin Duward would have said something to have excused himself from accepting the profuse liberality of his new friend; but Maitre Pierre, bending his dark brows, and erecting his stooping figure into an attitude of more dignity than he had yet seen him assume, said, in a tone of authority, «No reply, young man, but do what you are commanded."

With these words, he left the apartment, making a sign as he departed, that Quentin must not follow him.

The young Scothman stood astounded, and knew not what to think of the matter. His first

most natural, though perhaps not most dignified impulse, drove him to peep into the silver goblet, which assuredly was more than half full of silver pieces, to the number of several scores, of which perhaps Quentin had never called twenty his own at one time during the course of his whole life. But could he reconcile it to his dignity as a gentleman, to accept the money of this wealthy plebeian? — this was a trying question; for, though he had secured a good breakfast, it was no great reserve upon which to travel either back to Dijon, in case he chose to hazard the wrath, and enter the service, of the Duke of Burgundy, or to Saint Quentin, if he fixed on that of the Constable Saint Paul; for to one of those powers, if not to the King of France, he was determined to offer his services. He perhaps took the wisest resolution in the circumstances, in resolving to be guided by the advice of his uncle; and, in the meantime, he put the money into his velvet hawking-pouch, and called for the landlord of the house, in order to restore the silver cup — resolving, at the same time, to ask him some questions about this liberal and authoritative merchant.

The man of the house appeared presently; and, if not more communicative, was at least more loquacious, than he had formerly appeared. He positively declined to take back the silver cup.

It was none of his, he said, but Maitre Pierre's, who had bestowed it on his guest. He had, indeed, four silver *hanaps* of his own, which had been left him by his grandmother of happy memory, but no more like the beautilful carving of that in his guest's hand than a peach was like a turnip, — that was one of the famous cups of Tours, wrought by Martin Dominique, an artist who might brag all Paris.

«And pray who is this Maitre Pierre," said Durward, interrupting him, «who confers such valuable gifts on strangers?"

«Who is Maitre Pierre?" said the host, dropping the words as slowly from his mouth as if he had been distilling them.

«Ay," said Durward, hastily and peremptorily, «who is this Maitre Pierre, and why does he throw about his bounties in this fashion? And who is the butcherly-looking fellow whom he sent forward to order breakfast?"

«Why, fair sir, as to who Maitre Pierre is, you should have asked the question at himself; and for the gentleman who ordered breakfast to be made ready, may God keep us from his closer acquaintance!"

«There is something mysterious in all this," said the young Scot. «This Maire Pierre tells me he is a merchant."

«And if he told you so," said the inn-keeper, «surely he is a merchant."

«What commodities does he deal in?"

«O, many a fair matter of traffic," said the host; «and specially he has set up silk manufactories here, which match those rich bales that the Venetians bring from India and Cathay. You might see the rows of mulberry trees as you came hither, all planted by Maitre Pierre's commands, to feed the silk-worms."

«And that young person who brought in the confections, who is she, my good friend?" said the guest.

«My lodger, sir, with her guardian, some sort of aunt or kinswoman, as I think," replied the inn-keeper.

«And do you usually employ your guests in waiting on each other?" said Durward; «for I observed that Maitre Pierre would take nothing from your hand, or that of your attendant."

«Rich men may have their fancies, for they can pay for them," said the landlord; «this is not the first time that Maitre Pierre has found the true way to make gentlefolks serve at his beck."

The young Scotchman felt somewhat offended at the insinuation; but, disguising his resentment, he asked whether he could be accommo-

dated with an apartment at this place for a day, and perhaps longer.

«Certainly," the inn-keeper replied; «for whatever time he was pleased to command it."

«Could he be permitted," he asked, «to pay his respects to the ladies, whose fellow-lodger he was about to become?"

The inn-keeper was uncertain. «They went not abroad," he said, «and received no one at home."

«With the exception, I presume, of Maitre Pierre?" said Durward.

«I am not at liberty to name any exceptions," answered the man, firmly, but respectfully.

Quentin, who carried the notions of his own importance pretty high, considering how destitute he was of means to support them, being somewhat mortified by the inn-keeper's reply, did not hesitate to avail himself of a practice common enough in that age; «Carry to the ladies," he said, «a flask of *vernât*, with my humble duty; and say, that Quentin Durward, of the house of Glen-houlakin, a Scottish cavalier of honour, and now their fellow-lodger, desires the permission to dedicate his homage to them in a personal interview."

The messenger departed, and returned, almost instantly, with the thanks of the ladies, who declined the proffered refreshment, and, returning

their thanks to the Scottish cavalier, regretted that, residing there in privacy, they could not receive his visit.

Quentin bit his lip, took a cup of the rejected *vernât*, which the host had placed on the table. «By the mass but this is a strange country,» said he to himself, «where merchants and mechanics exercise the manners and munificence of nobles, and little travelling damsels, who hold their court in a *cabaret*, keep their state like disguised princesses! I will see that black-browed maiden again or it will go hard, however;" and having formed this prudent resolution, he demanded to be conducted to the apartment which he was to call his own.

The landlord presently ushered him up a turret staircase, and from thence along a gallery, with many doors opening from it, like those of cells in a convent; a resemblance which our young hero, who recollected with much ennui an early specimen of a monastic life, was far from admiring. The host paused at the very end of the gallery, selected a key from the large bunch which he carried at his girdle, opened the door, and shewed his guest the interior of a turret-chamber, small indeed, but which, being clean and solitary, and having the pallet bed, and the few articles of furniture, in unusually good order, seemed, on the whole, a little palace.

«I hope you will find your dwelling agreeable here, fair sir," said the landlord. — «I am bound to pleasure every friend of Maitre Pierre."

«O happy ducking!" exclaimed Quentin Durward, cutting capers on the floor, so soon as his host had retired: «Never came good luck in a better or a wetter form. I have been fairly deluged by my good fortune."

As he spoke thus, he stepped towards the little window, which, as the turret projected considerably from the principal line of the building, not only commanded a very pretty garden of some extent belonging to the inn, but overlooked, beyond its boundary, a pleasant grove of those very mulberry trees which Maitre Pierre was said to have planted for the support of the silk-worm. Besides, turning the eye from these more remote objects, and looking straight along the wall, the turret of Quentin was opposite to another turret, and the little window at which he stood commanded a similar little window, in a corresponding projection of the building. Now it would be difficult for a man twenty years older than Quentin, to say why this locality interested him more than either the pleasant garden or the grove of mulberry trees; for, alas! eyes which have been used for forty years and upwards, look with indifference on little turret-windows, though the lattice be half-open to admit the air, while the

shutter is half-closed to exclude the sun, or perhaps too curious eye — nay, even though there hang on the one side of the casement a lute, partly mantled by a light veil of sea green silk. But at Durward's happy age, such *accidents*, as a painter would call them, form sufficient foundation for a hundred airy visions and mysterious conjectures, at recollection of which the full-grown man smiles while he sighs, and sighs while he smiles.

As it may be supposed that our friend Quentin wished to learn a little more of his fair neighbour, the owner of the lute and veil, — as it may be supposed he was at least interested to know whether she might not prove the same whom he had seen in humble attendance on Maitre Pierre, it must of course be understood, that he did not produce a broad, flat, staring visage and person in full front of his own casement. Durward knew better the art of bird-catching; and it was to his keeping his person skilfully withdrawn on one side of his window, while he peeped through the lattice, that he owed the pleasure of seeing a white, round, beautiful arm take down the instrument, and that his ears had presently after their share in the reward of his dexterous management.

The maid of the little turret, of the veil and of the lute, sung exactly such a little air as we are accustomed to suppose flowed from the lips

of the high-born dames of chivalry, when knights and troubadours listened and languished. The words had neither so much sense, wit, or fancy, as to withdraw the attention from the music, nor the music so much of art, as to drown all feeling of the words. The one seemed fitted to the other; and if the song had been recited without the notes, or the air played without the words, neither would have been worth noting. It is, therefore, scarce fair to put upon record lines intended not to be said or read, but only to be sung. But such scraps of old poetry have always had a sort of fascination for us; and as the tune is lost for ever — unless Bishop happens to find the notes, or some lark teaches Stephens to warble the air — we will risk our credit, and the taste of the lady of the lute, by preserving the verses, simple and even rude as they are.

«Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark his lay who trill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower, they know the hour,
But where is County Guy?"

«The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;

To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know —
But where is County Guy?"

Whatever the reader may think of this simple ditty, it had a powerful effect on Quentin, when married to heavenly airs, and sung by a sweet and melting voice, the notes mingling with the gentle breezes which wafted perfumes from the garden, and the figure of the songstress being so partially and obscurely visible, as threw a veil of mysterious fascination over the whole.

At the close of the air, the listener could not help shewing himself more boldly than he had yet done, in a rash attempt to see more than he had yet been able to discover. The music instantly ceased — the casement was closed, and a dark curtain, dropped on the inside, put a stop to all further observation on the part of the neighbour in the next turret.

Durward was mortified and surprised at the consequence of his precipitance, but comforted himself with the hope, that the lady of the lute could neither easily forego the practice of an instrument which seemed so familiar to her, nor cruelly resolve to renounce the pleasures of fresh

air and an open window, for the churlish purpose of preserving for her own exclusive ear the sweet sounds which she created. There came, perhaps, a little feeling of personal vanity to mingle with these consolatory reflections. If, as he shrewdly suspected, there was a beautiful dark-tressed damsel inhabitant of the one turret, he could not but be conscious that a handsome, young, roving, bright-locked gallant, a cavalier of fortune, was the tenant of the other; and romances, those prudent instructors, had taught his youth, that, if damsels were shy, they were yet neither void of interest nor of curiosity in their neighbours' affairs.

Whilst Quentin was engaged in these sage reflections, a sort of attendant or chamberlain of the inn informed him that a cavalier desired to speak with him below.

# CHAPTER V.

## THE MAN-AT-ARMS.

*— Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,*
*Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth.*

*As You Like it.*

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The cavalier who awaited Quentin Durward's descent into the apartment where he had breakfasted, was one of those of whom Louis XI. had long since said, that they held in their hands the fortune of France, as to them were entrusted the direct custody and protection of the royal person.

Charles the Sixth had instituted this celebrated body, the Archers, as they were called, of the Scottish Body-guard, with better reason than can generally be alleged for establishing round the throne a guard of foreign and mercenary troops.

The divisions which tore from his side more than half of France, together with the wavering and uncertain faith of the nobility who yet acknowledged his cause, rendered it impolitic and unsafe to commit his personal safety to their keeping. The Scottish nation was the hereditary enemy of the English, and the ancient, and, as it seemed, the natural allies of France. They were poor, couragious, faithful — their ranks were sure to be supplied from the superabundant population of their own country, than which none in Europe sent forth more or bolder adventurers. Their high claims of descent, too, gave them a good title to approach the person of a monarch more closely than other troops, while the smallness of their numbers prevented the possibility of their mutinying, and becoming masters where they ought to be servants.

On the other hand, the French monarchs made it their policy to conciliate the affections of this selected band of foreigners, by allowing them honorary privileges and ample pay, which last most of them disposed of with military profusion in supporting their supposed rank. Each of them ranked as a gentleman in place and honour; and their near approach to the King's person gave them dignity in their own eyes, as well as in those of the nation of France. They were sumptuously armed, equipped, and mounted; and each was

entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page, and two yeomen, one of whom was termed *coutelier*, from the large knife which he wore to dispatch those whom in the *melée* his master had thrown to the ground. With these followers, and a corresponding equipage, an Archer of the Scottish Guard was a person of quality and importance; and vacancies being generally filled up by those who had been trained in the service as pages or valets, the cadets of the best Scottish families were often sent to serve under some friend and relation in those capacities, until a chance of preferment should occur.

The coutelier and his companion, not being noble or capable of this promotion, were recruited from persons of inferior quality; but as their pay and appointments were excellent, their masters were easily able to select from among their wandering countrymen the strongest and most courageous to wait upon them in that capacity.

Ludovic Leslie, or, as we shall more frequently call him, Le Balafré, by which name he was generally known in France, was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favoured in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning on his forehead, and narrowly missing his right eye, had laid bare the cheek-bone, and descended from thence al-

most to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black; but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it chanced to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weather-beaten and sun-burnt swarthiness.

His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These had been presented to the Scottish Guard, in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their Captain General. The Archer's gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets, were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frost-work of a winter morning upon fern or briar. He wore a loose surcoat, or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind — his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel — a broad strong poniard

(called the *Mercy of God*) hung by his right side — the bauldrick for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished man-at-arms, than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or Le Balafré; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while, with its rough moustachios, he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his fair nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

«Little good, dear uncle," replied young Durward; «but I am glad that you know me so readily."

«I would have known thee, boy, in the *landes* of Bourdeaux, had I met thee marching there like a crane on a pair of stilts. But sit thee down — sit thee down — if there is sorrow to hear of, we will have wine to make us bear it. — Ho!

old Pinch Measure, our good host, bring us of thy best, and that in an instant."

The well-known sound of the Scottish-French was as familiar in the taverns near Plessis, as that of the Swiss-French in the modern *ginguettes* of Paris; and promptly — ay, with the promptitude of fear and precipitation, was it heard and obeyed. A flagon of champagne soon stood before them, of which the elder took a draught, while the nephew helped himself only to a moderate sip, to acknowledge his uncle's courtesy, saying, in excuse, that he had already drank wine that morning.

«That had been a rare apology in the mouth of thy sister, fair nephew," said Le Balafré; «you must fear the wine-pot less, if you would wear beard on your face, and write yourself soldier. But, come — come — unbuckle your Scottish mail-bag — give us the news of Glenhoulakin — how doth my sister?"

«Dead, fair uncle," answered Quentin, sorrowfully.

«Dead!" echoed his uncle, with a tone rather marked by wonder than sympathy — «why, she was five years younger than I, and I was never better in my life. Dead! the thing is impossible. I have never had so much as a headache, unless after revelling out my two or three days' furlow with the brethren of the joyous science — and

my poor sister is dead! — And your father, fair nephew, hath he married again?"

And, ere the youth could reply, he read the answer in his surprise at the question, and said, «What, no? — I would have sworn that Allan Durward was no man to live without a wife. He loved to have his house in order — loved to look on a pretty woman too; and was somewhat strict in life withal — matrimony did all this for him. Now, I care little about these comforts; and I can look on a pretty woman without thinking on the sacrament of wedlock — I am scare holy enough for that."

«Alas! dear uncle, my mother was left a widow a year since, when Glen-houlakin was harried by the Ogilvies. My father, and my two uncles, and my two elder brothers, and seven of my kinsmen, and the harper, and the tasker, and some six more of our people, were killed in defending the castle; and there is not a burning hearth or a standing stone in all Glen-houlakin."

«Cross of Saint Andrew!" said Le Balafré; «that is what I call an onslaught. Ay, these Ogilvies were ever but sorry neighbours to Glen-houlakin — an evil chance it was; but fate of war — fate of war. — When did this mishap befal, fair nephew?" With that he took a deep draught of wine in lieu, and shook his head with much solemnity, when his kinsman replied, that

his family had been destroyed upon the festival of Saint Jude last bye-past.

«Look ye there," said the soldier; «I said it was all chance — on that very day I and twenty of my comrades carried the Castle of Roche-noir by storm, from Amaury Bras-de-fer, a captain of free lances, whom you must have heard of. I killed him ou his own threshold, and gained as much gold as made this fair chain, which was once twice as long as it now is — and that minds me to send part of it on an holy errand.— Here, Andrew — Andrew!"

Andrew, his yeoman, entered, dressed like the Archer himself in the general equipment, but without the armour for the limbs, — that of the body more coarsely manufactured — his cap without a plume, and his cassock made of serge, or coarse cloth, instead of rich velvet. Untwining his gold chain from his neck, Balafré twisted off, with his firm and strong-set teeth, about four inches from the one end of it, and said to his attendant, «Here, Andrew, carry this to my gossip, jolly Father Boniface, the monk of Saint Martin's — greet him well from me, by the same token that he could not say God save ye when we last parted at midnight — Tell my gossip that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links

will carry him, and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from Purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just-living people, and free from all heresy, it may be that they are well nigh out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the fetlocks; and in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies, in what way soever the church may best come at them. You understand all this, Andrew?"

The coutelier nodded.

«Then look that none of the links find their way to the wine-house ere the Monk touches them; for if it so chance, thou shalt taste of saddlegirth and stirrup-leather, till thou art as raw as Saint Bartholomew. — Yet hold, I see thy eye has fixed on the wine measure, and thou shalt not go without tasting."

So saying, he filled him a brimful cup, which the coutelier drank off, and retired to do his patron's commission.

«And now, fair nephew, let us hear what was your own fortune in this unhappy matter."

«I fought it out among those who were older and stouter than I was, till we were all brought down," said Durward, «and I received a cruel wound."

«Not a worse slash than I received ten years

since myself," said Le Balafré. — «Look at this now, my fair nephew," tracing the dark crimson gash which was imprinted on his face — «An Ogilvy's sword never ploughed so deep a furrow."

«They ploughed deeply enough," answered Quentin, sadly; «but they were tired at last, and my mother's entreaties procured mercy for me, when I was found to retain some spark of life; but although a learned monk of Aberbrothock, who chanced to be our guest at the fatal time, and narrowly escaped being killed in the fray, was permitted to bind my wounds, and finally to remove me to a place of safety, it was only on promise, given both by my mother and him, that I should become a monk."

«A monk!" exclaimed the uncle — «Holy Saint Andrew! that is what never befel me. No one, from my childhood upwards, ever so much as dreamed of making me a monk — And yet I wonder when I think of it; for you will allow that, bating the reading and writing, which I could never learn, and the psalmody, which I could never endure, and the dress, which is that of a mad beggar — our Lady forgive me! — (here he crossed himself) — and their fasts, which do not suit my appetite, I would have made every whit as good a monk as my little gossip at Saint Martin's yonder. But I know not why, none ever proposed the station to me. — O so, fair

nephew, you were to be a monk then — and wherefore, I pray you?"

"That my father's house might be ended, either in the cloister or in the tomb," answered Quentin, with deep feeling.

"I see," answered his uncle — "I comprehend. Cunning rogues — very cunning! — They might have been cheated though; for look ye, fair nephew, I myself remember the canon Robersart who had taken the vows, and afterwards broke out of cloister, and became a captain of Free Companions. He had a mistress, the prettiest wench I ever saw, and three as beautiful children — There is no trusting monks, fair nephew, — no trusting them — they may become soldiers and fathers when you least expect it — but on with your tale."

"I have little more to tell," said Durward, "except that, considering my poor mother in some degree a pledge for me, I took the dress of a novice, and conformed to the cloister rules, and even learned to read and write."

"To read and write!" exclaimed Le Balafré, who was one of those sort of people who think all knowledge is miraculous which chances to exceed their own — "To write, sayst thou, and to read! I cannot believe it — never Durward could write his name that ever I heard of, nor Lesly either. I can answer for one of them —

I can no more write than I can fly. Now, in Saint Louis's name, how did they teach it you?"

«It was troublesome at first," said Durward, «but became more easy by use; and I was weak with my wounds and loss of blood, and desirous to gratify my preserver, Father Peter, and so I was the more easily kept to my task. But after several months' languishing, my good kind mother died, and as my health was now fully restored, I communicated to my benefactor, who was also Sub-Prior of the Convent, my reluctance to take the vows; and it was agreed between us, since my vocation lay not to the cloister, that I should be sent out into the world to seek my fortune, «and that, to save the Sub-Prior from the anger of the Ogilvies, my departure should have the appearance of flight; and to colour it, I brought off the Abbot's hawk with me. But I was regularly dismissed, as will appear from the hand and seal of the Abbet himself."

«That is right — that is well," said his uncle. «Our King cares little what theft thou may'st have made, but hath a horror at any think like a breach of the cloister. And, I warrant thee, thou hadst no great treasure to bear thy charges?"

«Only a few pieces of silver," said the youth; «for to you, fair uncle, I must make a free confession."

«Alas!" replied Le Balafré, «that is hard. Now, though I am never a hoarder of my pay, because it doth ill to bear a charge about one in these perilous times, yet I always have (and I would advise you to follow my example) some odd gold chain or bracelet, or carcanet, that serves for the ornament of my person, and can at need spare a superfluous link or two for any immediate purpose. — But you may ask, fair kinsman, how you are to come by such toys as this? — (he shook his chain with complacent triumph) — They hang not on every bush — they grow not in the fields like the daffodils, with whose stalks children make knights' collars. What then? — you may get such where I got this, in the s rvice of the good King of France, where there is always wealth to be found, if a man has but the heart to seek it, at the risk of a little life or so."

«I understood," said Quentin, evading a decision to which he felt himself as yet scarce competently informed, «that the Duke of Burgundy keeps a more noble state than the King of France, and that there is more honour to be won under his banners — that good blows are struck there, and deeds of arms done; while the Most Christian King, they sav. gains his victories by his ambassadors' tongues."

«You speak like a foolish boy, fair nephew,"

answered he with the Scar; «and yet, I bethink me, when I came hither I was nearly as simple: I could never think of a King but what I supposed him sitting under the high deas, and feasting amid his high vassals and Paladins, eating *blanc-manger*, with a great gold crown upon his head, or else charching at the head of his troops like Charlemagne in the romaunts, or like Robert Bruce or William Wallace in our own true histories. Hark in thine ear, man — it is all moonshine in the water. Policy — policy does it all. It is an art our King has found out, to fight with other men's swords, and to wage his soldiers out of other men's purses. Ah! it is the wisest Prince that ever put purple on his back — and yet he weareth not much of that neither — I see him often go plainer than I would think befitted me to do."

«But you meet not my exception, fair uncle," answered young Durward; «I would serve, since serve I must in a foreign land, somewhere where a brave deed, were it my hap to do one, might work me a name."

«I understand you, my fair nephew," said the royal man-at arms, «I understand you passing well; but you are unripe in these matters. The Duke of Burgundy is a hot-headed, impetuous, pudden-headed, iron-ribbed dare-all. He charges at the head of his nobles and native knights, his

liegemen of Artois and Hainault; think you, if you were there, or if I were there myself, that we could be much farther forward than the Duke and all his brave nobles of his own land? if we were not up with them, we had a chance to be turned on the Provost Marshall's hands for being slow in making to; if we were abreast of them, all would be called well, and we might be thought to have deserved our pay; and grant that I was a spear's-length or so in the front, which is both difficult and dangerous in such a *mélée*, where all do their best, why, my lord duke says, in his Flemish, when he sees a good blow struck, 'Ha! *gut getroffen!* a good lance — a brave Scot — give him a florin to drink our health;' but neither rank, nor lands, nor treasures, come to the stranger in such a service — all goes to the children of the soil."

«And where should it go, in heaven's name, fair uncle?" demanded young Durward.

«To him that protects the children of the soil," said Balafré, drawing up his gigantic height, «Thus says King Louis: — 'My good French peasant — mine honest Jacques Bonhomme — get you to your tools, your plough and your harrow, your pruning knife and your hoe — here is my gallant Scot that will fight for you, and you shall only have the trouble so pay him — And you, my most serene duke, my illustrious

count, and my most mighty marquis, e'en rein up your fiery courage till it is wanted, for it is apt to start out of the course, and to hurt its master; here are my companies of ordonance — here are my French Guards — here are, above all, my Scottish Archers, and mine honest Ludovic with the Scar, who will fight, as well or better than you, with all that undisciplined valour, which, in your fathers' time, lost Cressy and Azincour.' Now, see you not in which of these states a cavalier of fortune holds the highest rank, and must come to the highest honour?»

«I think I understand you, fair uncle," answered the nephew; «but, in my mind, honour cannot be won where there is no risk. Sure, this is — I pray you pardon me — an easy and almost slothful life, to mount guard round an elderly man whom no one thinks of harming, to spend summer-day and winter-night up in yonder battlements, and shut up all the while in iron cages, for fear you should desert your posts — uncle, uncle, it is but the hawk upon his perch, who is never carried out to the fields!"

«Now, by Saint Martin of Tours, the boy has some spirit! a right touch of the Lesly in him; much like myself, though always with a little more folly in it. Hark ye, youth — Long live the King of France! — scarce a day but there is some commission in hand, by which some of

his followers may win both coin and credit. Think not that the bravest and most dangerous deeds are done by daylight. I could tell you of some, as scaling castles, making prisoners, and the like, where one who shall be nameless hath run higher risk, and gained greater favour, than any desperado in the train of desperate Charles of Burgundy. And if it please his Majesty to remain behind, and in the back-ground, while such things are doing, he hath the more leisure of spirit to admire, and the more liberality of hand to reward the adventurers, whose dangers perhaps, and whose feats of arms, he can better judge of than if he had personally shared them. O, 'tis a sagacious and most politic monarch!"

His nephew paused, and then said, in a low but impressive tone of voice, «The good Father Peter used often to teach me there might be much danger in deeds by which little glory was acquired. I need not say to you, fair uncle, that I do in course suppose that these secret commissions must needs be honourable."

«For whom or for what take you me, fair nephew?" said Balafré, somewhat sternly; «I have not been trained, indeed, in the cloister, neither can I write or read. But I am your mother's brother; I am a loyal Lesly. Think you that I am like to recommend to you any thing unworthy? The best knight in France, Du Guesclin

himself, if he were alive again, might be proud to number my deeds among his achievements."

«I cannot doubt your warranty, fair uncle," said the youth; «you are the only adviser my mishap has left me. But is it true, as fame says, that this King keeps a meagre court here at his Castle of Plessis? No repair of nobles or courtiers, none of his grand feudatories in attendance, none of the high officers of the crown; half solitary sports, shared only with the menials of his household; secret councils, to which only low and obscure men are invited; rank and nobility depressed, and men raised from the lowest origin to the kingly favour — all this seems unregulated, resembles not the manners of his father, the noble Charles, who tore from the fangs of the English lion this more than half-conquered kingdom of France."

«You speak like a giddy child," said Le Balafré, «and even as a child you harp over the same notes on a new string. Look you: if the King employs Oliver Dain, his barber, to do what Oliver can to better than any peer of them all, is not the kingdom the gainer? If he bids his stout Provost-Marshall Tristan, arrest such or such a seditious burgher, take off such or such a turbulent noble, the deed is done and no more of it; when, were the commission given to a duke or peer of France, he might perchance

send the King back a defiance in exchange. If, again, the King pleases to give to plain Ludovic le Balafré a commission which he will execute, instead of employing the High Constable, who would perhaps betray it, doth it not shew wisdom? Above all, doth not a monarch of such conditions best suit cavaliers of fortune, who must go where their services are most highly prized, and most frequently in demand? — No, no, child, I tell thee Louis knows how to chuse his confidants, and what to charge them with; suiting, as they say, the burthen to each man's back. He is not like the King of Castile, who choked of thirst, because the great butler was not beside to hand his cup. — But hark to the bell of Saint Martin's! I must hasten back to the Castle. — Farewell — make much of yourself, and at eight to-morrow morning present yourself before the drawbridge, and ask for me at the centinel. Take heed you step not off the straight and beaten path in approaching the portal! it may cost you a limb, which you will sorely miss. You shall see the King, and learn to judge him for yourself — farewell."

So saying, Balafré hastily departed, forgetting, in his hurry, to pay for the wine he had called for, a shortness of memory incidental to persons of his description, and which his host, overawed, perhaps, by the nodding bonnet and ponderous

two-handed sword, did not presume to use any efforts for correcting.

It might have been expected that, when left alone Durward would have again betaken himself to his turret, in order to watch for the repetition of those delicious sounds which had soothed his morning reverie. But that was a chapter of romance, and his uncle's conversation had opened to him a page of the real history of life. It was no pleasing one, and for the present the recollections and reflections which it excited, were qualified to overpower other thoughts, and especially all of a light and soothing nature.

Quentin resorted to a solitary walk along the banks of the rapid Cher, having previously inquired of his landlord for one which he might traverse without fear of disagreeable interruption from snares and pitfalls, and there endeavoured to compose his turmoiled and scattered thoughts, and consider his future motions, upon which his meeting wish his uncle had thrown some dubiety.

# CHAPTER VI.

## THE BOHEMIANS.

*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,*
*Sae dantonly gaed he,*
*He play'd a spring and danced a round*
*Beneath the gallows tree.*

*Old Song.*

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The manner in which Quentin Durward had been educated, was not of a kind to soften the heart, or perhaps to improve the moral feeling. He, with the rest of his family, had been trained to the chase as an amusement, and taught to consider war as their only serious occupation, and that it was the great duty of their lives stubbornly to endure, and fiercely to retaliate, the attacks of their feudal enemies, by whom their race had been at last almost annihilated. And yet there mixed with these feuds a spirit of rude

chivalry, and even courtesy, which softened their rigour; so that revenge, their only justice, was still prosecuted with some regard to humanity and generosity. The lessons of the worthy old monk, better attended to, perhaps, during a long illness and adversity, than they might have been in health and success, had given young Durward still farther insight into the duties of humanity towards others; and, considering the ignorance of the period, the general prejudices entertained in favour of a military life, and the manner in which he himself had been bred, the youth was disposed to feel more accurately the moral duties incumbent on his station than was usual at the time.

He reflected on his interview with his uncle with a sense of embarrassment and disappointment. His hopes had been high; for although intercourse by letters was out of the question, yet a pilgrim, or an adventurous trafficker, or a crippled soldier, sometimes brought Lesly's name to Glen-houlakin, and all united in praising his undaunted courage, and his success in many petty enterprizes which his master had entrusted to him. Quentin's imagination had filled up the sketch in his own way, and assimilated his successful and adventurous uncle (whose exploits probably lost nothing in the telling) to some of the champions and knight-errants of whom min-

strels sang, and who won crowns and kings' daughters by dint of sword and lance. He was now compelled to rank his kinsman much lower in the scale of chivalry; though, blinded by the high respect paid to parents, and those who approach that character — moved by every early prejudice in his favour — inexperienced besides, and passionately attached to his mother's memory, he saw not, in the only brother of that dear relation, the character which he truly held, which was that of an ordinary mercenary soldier, neither much worse nor greatly better than the numbers of the same profession whose presence added to the distracted state of France.

Without being wantonly cruel, Balafré was, from habit, indifferent to human life and human suffering; he was profoundly ignorant, greedy of booty, unscrupulous how he acquired it, and profuse in expending it on the gratification of his own passions. The habit of attending exclusively to his own wants and interests, had converted him into one of the most selfish animals in the world; so that he was seldom able, as the reader may have remarked, to proceed far in any subject without considering how it applied to himself, or, as it is called, making the case his own, though not upon feelings connected with the golden rule, but such as were very different. To this must be added, that the narrow

round of his duties and his pleasures had gradually circumscribed his thoughts, hopes, and wishes, and quenched in a great measure the wild spirit of honour, and desire of distinction in arms, by which he had been once animated. Balafré was, in short, a keen soldier, hardened, selfish, and narrow-minded; active and bold in the discharge of his duty, but acknowledging few objects beyond it, excepting the formal observance of a careless devotion, relieved by an occasional debauch with brother Boniface, his comrade and confessor. Had his genius been of a more extended character, he would probably have been promoted to some important command, for the King, who knew every soldier of his body-guard personally, reposed much confidence in Balafré's courage and fidelity; and besides, the Scot had either wisdom or cunning enough perfectly to understand, and ably to humour, the peculiarities of that sovereign. Still, however, his capacity was too much limited to admit of his rising to higher rank, and though smiled on and favoured by Louis on many occasions, Balafré continued a mere life-guards-man.

Without seeing the full scope of his uncle's character, Quentin felt shocked at his indifference to the disastrous extirpation of his brother-in-law's whole family, and could not help being surprised, moreover, that so near a relative had not

offered him the assistance of his purse, which, but for the generosity of Maitre Pierre, he would have been under the necessity of directly craving from him. He wronged his uncle, however, in supposing that this want of attention to his probable necessities was owing to actual avarice. Not precisely needing money himself at that moment, it had not occurred to Balafré that his nephew might be in exigencies; otherwise, he held a near kinsman so much a part of himself, that he would have provided for the weal of the living nephew, as he endeavoured to do for that of his deceased sister and her husband. But whatever was the motive, the neglect was very unsatisfactory to young Durward, and he wished more than once he had taken service with the Duke of Burgundy before he quarrelled with his forester. «Whatever had then become of me," he thought to himself, «I would always have been able to keep up my spirits with the reflection, that I had, in case of the worst, a stout back friend in this uncle of mine. But now I have seen him, and, woe worth him, there has been more help in a mere mechanical stranger than I have found in my own mother's brother, my countryman and a cavalier. One would think the slash, that has carved all comeliness out of his face, had let at the same time every drop of gentle blood out of his body."

Durward now regretted he had not had an opportunity to mention Maitre Pierre to Balafré, in hopes of obtaining some farther account of that personage; but his uncle's questions had been huddled fast on each other, and the summons of the great bell of Saint Martin of Tours had broken off their conference rather suddenly. That old man, he recollected, was crabbed and dogged in appearance, sharp and scornful in language, but generous and liberal in his actions; and such a stranger is worth a cold kinsman — «What says our old Scottish proverb? — 'Better kind fremit, than fremit kindred.' I will find out that man, which, methinks, should be no difficult task, since he is so wealthy as mine host bespeaks him. He will give me good advice for my governance, at least; and if he goes to strange countries, as many such do, I know not but his may be as adventurous a service as that of those Guards of Louis."

As Quentin framed this thought, a whisper from those recesses of the heart in which lies much that the owner does not know of, or will not aknowledge willingly, suggested that, perchance, the lady of the turret, she of the veil and the lute, might share that adventurous journey.

As the Scottish youth made these reflections, he met two grave-looking men, apparently citizens of Tours, whom, doffing his cap with the

reverence due from youth to age, he respectfully asked to direct him to the house of Maitre Pierre.

«The house of whom, my fair son?" said one of the passengers.

«Of Maitre Pierre, the great silk-merchant, who planted all the mulberry trees in the park yonder," said Durward.

«Young man," said one of them who was nearest to him, «you have taken up an idle trade a little too early."

«And have chosen wrong subjects to practise your fooleries upon," said the farther one, still more gruffly. «The Syndic of Tours is not accustomed to be thus talked to by strolling jesters from foreign parts."

Quentin was so much surprised at the causeless offence which these two decent-looking persons had taken at a very simple and civil question, that he forgot to be angry at the rudeness of their reply, and stood staring after them as they walked on with amended pace, often looking back at him, as if they were desirous to get as soon as possible out of his reach.

He next met a party of vine-dressers, and addressed to them the same question; and, in reply, they demanded to know whether he wanted Maitre Pierre, the schoolmaster? or Maitre Pierre, the carpenter? or Maitre Pierre, the beadle?

or half-a-dozen Maitre Pierres besides. When none of these corresponded with the description of the person after whom he inquired, the peasants accused him of jesting with them impertinently, and threatened to fall upon him and beat him, in guerdon of his raillery. The oldest among them, who had some influence over the rest, prevailed on them to desist from violence.

"You see by his speech and his fool's cap," said he, "that he is one of the foreign mountebanks who are come into the country, and whom some call magicians and soothsayers, and some jugglers and the like, and there is no knowing what tricks they have amongst them. I have heard of such a one paying a liard to eat his bellyfull of grapes in a poor man's vineyard; and he eat as many as would have loaded a wain, and never undid a button of his jerkin — and so let him pass quietly, and keep his way, as we will keep ours: And you, friend, if you would shun worse, walk quietly on, in the name of God, our Lady of Marmonthier, and Saint Martin of Tours, and trouble us no more about your Maitre Pierre, which may be another name for the devil for aught we know."

The Scot, finding himself much the weaker party, judged it his wisest course to walk on without reply; but the peasants, who at first shrunk from him in horror, at his supposed ta-

lents for sorcery and grape-devouring, took heart of grace as he got to a distance, and having uttered a few cries and curses, finally gave them emphasis with a shower of stones, although at such a distance as to do little or no harm to the object of their displeasure. Quentin, as he pursued his walk, began to think, in his turn, either that he himself lay under a spell, or that the people of Touraine were the most stupid, brutal, and inhospitable of the French peasants. The next incident which came under his observation did not tend to diminish this opinion.

On a slight eminence, rising above the rapid and beautiful Cher, in the direct line of his path, two or three large chesnut trees were so happily placed as to form a distinguished and remarkable groupe; and beside them stood three or four peasants, motionless, with their eyes turned upwards, and fixed, apparently, upon some object amongst the branches of the tree next to them. The meditations of youth are seldom so profound as not to yield to the slightest impulse of curiosity, as easily as the lightest pebble, dropped casually from the hand, breaks the surface of a limpid pool. Quentin hastened his pace, and ran lightly up the rising ground, time enough to witness the ghastly spectacle which attracted the notice of these gazers — which was nothing

less than the body of a man, convulsed by the last agony, suspended on one of the branches.

«Why do you not cut him down?" said the young Scot, whose hand was as ready to assist affliction, as to maintain his own honour when he deemed it assailed.

One of the peasants, turning on him an eye from which fear had banished all expression but its own, and a face as pale as clay, pointed to a mark cut upon the bark of the tree, bearing the same rude resemblance to a *fleur-de-lys* which certain talismanic scratches, well known to our revenue officers, bear to a *broad arrow*. Neither understanding nor heeding the import of this symbol, young Durward sprung lightly as the ounce up into the tree, drew from his pouch that most necessary implement of a Highlander or woodsman, the trust *skene dhu*, and, calling to those below to receive the body on their hands, cut the rope asunder in less than a minute after he had perceived the exigency.

But his humanity was ill seconded by the bystanders. So far from rendering Durward any assistance, they seemed terrified at the audacity of his action, and took to flight with one consent, as if they feared their merely looking on might have been construed into accession to his daring deed. The body, unsupported from beneath, fell heavily to earth, in such a manner, that

Quentin, who presently afterwards jumped down, had the mortification to see that the last sparks of life were extinguished. He gave not up his charitable purpose, however, without farther efforts. He freed the wretched man's neck from the fatal noose, undid the doublet, threw water on the face, and practised the other ordinary remedies resorted to for recalling suspended animation.

While he was thus humanely engaged, a wild clamour of tongues, speaking a language which he knew not, arose around him; and he had scarcely time to observe that he was surrounded by several men and women of a singular and foreign appearance, when he found himself roughly seized by both arms, while a naked knife, at the same moment, was offered to his throat.

«Pale slave of Eblis!" said a man, in imperfect French, «are you robbing him you have murdered? — But we have you — and you shall abuy it."

There were knives drawn on every side of him as these words were spoken, and the grim and distorted countenances which glared on him, were like those of wolves rushing on their prey.

Still the young Scot's courage and presence of mind bore him out. «What mean ye, my masters?" he said; «if that be your friend's body, I have just now cut him down, in pure charity,

and you will do better to try to recover his life, than to misuse an innocent stranger to whom he owes his chance of escape."

The women had by this time taken possession of the dead body, and continued the attempts to recover animation which Durward had been making use of, though with the like bad success; so that, desisting from their fruitless efforts, they seemed to abandon themselves to all the oriental expressions of grief; the women making a piteous wailing, and tearing their long black hair, while the men seemed to rend their garments, and to sprinkle dust upon their heads. They gradually became so much engaged in their mourning rites, that they bestowed no longer any attention on Durward, of whose innocence they were probably satisfied from circumstances. It would certainly have been his wisest course to have left these wild people to their own courses, but he had been bred in almost a reckless contempt of danger, and felt all the eagerness of youthful curiosity.

The singular assemblage, both male and female, wore turbans and caps, more similar, in general appearance, to his own bonnet, than to those generally worn in France. Several of the men had curled black beards, and the complexion of all was nearly as dark as that of Africans. One or two, who seemed their chiefs, had some

tawdry ornaments of silver about their necks and in their ears, with showy scarfs of yellow, or scarlet, or light green; but their legs and arms were bare, and the whole troop seemed wretched and squalid in appearance. There were no weapons among them that Durward saw, excepting the long knives with which they had lately menaced him, and one short crooked sabre, or Moorish sword, which was worn by an active-looking young man, who often laid his hand upon the hilt, while he surpassed the rest of the party in his extravagant expressions of grief, and seemed to mingle with them threats of vengeance.

The disordered and yelling group were so different in appearance from any beings whom Quentin had yet seen, that he was on the point of concluding them to be a party of Saracens, of those «heathen hounds," who were the opponents of gentle knights and Christian monarchs, in all the romances which he had heard or read, and was about to withdraw himself from a neighbourhood so perilous, when a galloping of horse was heard, and the supposed Saracens, who had raised by this time the body of their comrade upon their shoulders, were at once charged by a party of French soldiers.

This sudden apparition changed the measured wailing of the mourners into irregular shrieks of terror. The body was thrown to the ground

in an instant, and those who were around it shewed the utmost and most dexterous activity in escaping, under the bellies as it were of the horses, and from the point of the lances which were levelled at them, with exclamations of «Down with the accursed heathen thieves — take and kill — bind them like beasts — spear them like wolves!"

These cries were accompanied with corresponding acts of violence; but such was the alertness of the fugitives, the ground being rendered unfavourable to the horsemen by thickets and bushes, that only two were struck down and made prisoners, one of whom was the young fellow with the sword, who had previously offered some resistance. Quentin, whom fortune seemed at this period to have chosen for the butt of her shafts, was at the same time seized by the soldiers, and his arms, in spite of his remonstrances, bound down with a cord; those who apprehended him showing a readiness and dispatch in the operation, which proved them to be no novices in matters of police.

Looking anxiously to the leader of the horsemen, from whom he hoped to obtain liberty, Quentin knew not exactly whether to be pleased or alarmed upon recognizing in him the down-looking and silent companion of Maitre Pierre. True, whatever crime these strangers might be

accused of, this officer might know, from the history of the morning, that he, Durward, had no connection with them whatsoever; but it was a more difficult question, whether this sullen man would be either a favourable judge or a willing witness in his behalf, and he felt doubtful whether he would mend his condition by making any direct application to him.

But there was little leisure for hesitation. «Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André," said the down-looking officer to two of his band, «these same trees stand here quite convenient. I will teach these misbelieving, thieving sorcerers to interfere with the King's justice, when it has visited any of their accursed race. Dismount, my children, and do your office briskly."

Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André were in an instant on foot, and Quentin observed that they had each, at the crupper and pommel of his saddle, a coil or two of ropes, which they hastily undid, and shewed that, in fact, each coil formed a halter, with the fatal noose adjusted, ready for execution. The blood ran cold in Quentin's veins, when he saw three cords selected, and perceived that it was purposed to put one around his own neck. He called on the officer loudly, reminded him of their meeting that morning, claimed the right of a free-born Scotchman, in a

friendly and allied country, and denied any knowledge of the persons along with whom he was seized, or of their misdeeds.

The officer whom Durward thus addressed, scarce deigned to look at him while he was speaking, and took no notice whatsoever of the claim he preferred to prior acquaintance. He barely turned to one or two of the peasants who were now come forward, either to volunteer their evidence against the prisoners, or out of curiosity, and said gruffly, «Was yonder young fellow with the vagabonds?"

«That he was, sir, and it please your noble Provost-ship," answered one of the clowns; «he was the very first blasphemously to cut down the rascal whom his Majesty's justice most deservedly hung up, as we told your worship."

«I'll swear by God, and Saint Martin of Tours, to have seen him with their gang," said another, «when they pillaged our *metairie*."

«Nay, but, father," said a boy, «yonder heathen was black, and this youth is fair; yonder one had short curled hair, and this hath long fair locks."

«Ay, child," said the peasant, «and yonder one had a green coat and this a grey jerkin. But his worship, the Provost, knows that they

can change their complexions as easily as their jerkins, so that I am still minded he was the same."

«It is enough that you have seen him intermeddle with the course of the King's justice, by attempting to recover an executed traitor," said the officer, — «Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, dispatch."

«Stay, signior officer!" exclaimed the youth, in mortal agony — «hear me speak — let me not die guiltlessly — my blood will be required of you by my countrymen in this world, and by heaven's justice in that which is to follow."

«I will answer my actions in both," said the Provost, coldly; and made a sign with his left hand to the executioners; then, with a smile of triumphant malice, touched with his fore-finger his right arm, which hung suspended in a scarf, disabled probably by the blow which Durward had dealt him that morning.

«Miserable, vindictive wretch!" — answered Quentin, persuaded by that action that private revenge was the sole motive of this man's rigour, and that no mercy whatever was to be expected from him.

«The poor youth raves," said the functionary; «speak a word of comfort to him ere he make

his transit, Trois-Eschelles; thou art a comfortable man in such cases, when a confessor is not to be had. Give him one minute of ghostly advice, and dispatch matters in the next. I must proceed on the rounds. — Soldiers, follow me!"

The Provost rode on, followed by his guard, excepting two or three who were left to assist in the execution. The unhappy youth cast after him an eye almost darkened by despair, and thought he heard, in every tramp of his horse's retreating hoofs, the last slight chance of his safety vanish. He looked around him in agony, and was surprised, even in that moment, to see the stoical indifference of his fellow-prisoners. They had previously testified every sign of fear, and made every effort to escape; but now, when secured, and destined apparently to inevitable death, they awaited its arrival with the most stoical indifference. The scene of fate before them gave, perhaps, a more yellow tinge to their swarthy cheeks; but it neither agitated their features, nor quenched the stubborn haughtiness of their eye. They seemed like foxes, which, after all their wiles and artful attempts at escape are exhausted, die with a silent and sullen fortitude, which wolves and bears, the fiercer objects of the chase, do not exhibit.

They were undaunted by the conduct of the fatal executioners, who went about their work with more deliberation than their master had recommended, and which probably arose from their having acquired by habit a kind of pleasure in the discharge of their horrid office. We pause an instant to describe them, because, under a tyranny, whether despotic or popular, the character of the hangman becomes a subject of grave importance.

These functionaries were essentially different in their appearance and manners. Louis used to call them Democritus and Heraclitus, and their master, the Provost, termed them, *Jean-qui-pleure*, and *Jean-qui-rit*.

Trois Eschelles was a tall, thin, ghastly man, with a peculiar gravity of visage, and a large rosary round his neck, the use of which he was accustomed piously to offer to those sufferers on whom he did his duty. He had one or two Latin texts continually in his mouth on the nothingness and vanity of human life; and, had it been regular to have enjoyed such a plurality, he might have held the office of confessor to the jail in commendam with that of executioner. Petit-André, on the contrary, was a joyous-looking, round, active, little fellow, who rolled about in execution of his duty as if it was the most divert-

ing occupation in the world. He seemed to have a sort of fond affection for his victims, and always spoke of them in kindly and affectionate terms. They were his poor honest fellows, his pretty dears, his gossips, his good old fathers, as their age or sex might be; and as Trois-Eschelles endeavoured to inspire them with a philosophical or religious regard to futurity, Petit André seldom failed to refresh them with a jest or two, to make them pass from life as something that was ludicrous, contemptible, and not worthy of serious consideration.

I cannot tell why or wherefore it was, but these two excellent persons, notwithstanding the variety of their talents, and the rare occurrence of such among persons of their profession, were both more utterly detested than, perhaps, any creatures of their kind, whether before or since; and the only doubt of those who knew aught of them was, whether the grave and pathetic Trois-Eschelles, or the frisky, comic, alert Petit-André, was the object of the greatest fear or of the deepest execration. It is certain they bore the palm in both particulars over every hangman in France, unless it were perhaps their master, Tristan l'Hermite, the renowned Provost-Marshal, or *his* master, Louis XI.

It must not be supposed that these reflections

were of Quentin Durward's making. Life, death, time, and eternity, were swimming before his eyes — a stunning and overwhelming prospect, from which human nature recoiled in its weakness, thoug human pride would fain have borne up. He addressed himself to the God of his fathers; and when he did so, the little rude, and unroofed chapel, which now held almost all his race but himself, rushed on his recollection. «Our feudal enemies gave us graves in our own land," he thought, «but I must feed the ravens and kites of a foreign land, like an excommunicated felon." The tears gushed involuntarily from his eyes. Trois-Eschelles, touching one shoulder, gravely congratulated him on his heavenly disposition for death, and pathetically exclaiming, *Beati qui in Domino moriuntur*, remarked the soul was happy that left the body while the tear was in the eye. Petit-André, slapping the other shoulder, called out, «Courage, my fair son! since you must begin the dance, let the ball open gaily, for all the rebecs are in tune," twitching the halter at the same time, to give point to his joke. As the youth turned his dismayed looks, first on one and then on the other, they made their meaning plainer by gently urging him forward to the fatal tree, and bidding him be of good courage, for it would be over in a moment.

In this fatal predicament, the youth cast a distracted look around him. «Is there any good Christian who hears me," he said, «that will tell Ludovic Leslie of the Scottish Guard, called in this country Le Balafré, that his nephew is here basely murthered?"

The words were spoken in good time, for an Archer of the Scottish Guard, attracted by the preparations for the execution, was standing by, with one or two other chance-passengers, to witness what was passing.

«Take heed what you do," he said to the executioners; «if this young man be of Scottish birth, I will not permit him to have foul play."

«Heaven forbid, Sir Cavalier," said Trois-Eschelles; «but we must obey our orders," drawing Durward forward by one arm.

«The shortest play is ever the fairest," said Petit-André, pulling him onward by the other.

But Quentin had heard words of comfort, and, exerting his strength, he suddenly shook off both the finishers of the law, and, with his arms still bound, ran to the Scottish Archer. «Stand by me," he said in his own language, «countryman, for the love of Scotland and Saint Andrew! I am innocent — I am your own native landsman. Stand by me, as you shall answer at the last day!"

«By Saint Andrew! they shall make at you through me," said the Archer, and unsheathed his sword.

«Cut my bonds, countryman," said Quentin, «and I will do something for myself."

This was done with a touch of the Archer's weapon; and the liberated captive, springing suddenly on one of the Provost's guard, wrested from him a halberd with which he was armed; «And now," he said, «come on, if you dare."

The two officers whispered together.

«Ride thou after the Provost-Marshall," said Trois-Eschelles, «and I will detain them here, if I can. — Soldiers of the Provost's guard, stand to your arms."

Petit André mounted his horse and left the field, and the other marshalls-men in attendance drew together so hastily at the command of Trois-Eschelles, that they suffered the other two prisoners to make their escape during the confusion. Perhaps they were not very anxious to detain them; for they had of late been sated with the blood of such wretches, and, like other ferocious animals, were, through long slaughter, become tired of carnage. But the pretext was, that they thought themselves immediately called upon to attend to the safety of Trois-Eschelles; for there

was a jealousy, which occasionally led to open quarrels betwixt the Scottish Archers and the Marshal-guards, who executed the orders of their Provost.

«We are strong enough to beat the proud Scots twice over, if it be your pleasure," said one of these soldiers to Trois-Eschelles.

But that cautious official made a sign to him to remain quiet, and addressed the Scottish Archer with great civility. «Surely, sir, this is a great insult to the Provost-Marshal, that you should presume to interfere with the course of the King's justice, duly and lawfully committed to his charge; and it is no act of justice to me, who am in lawful possession of my criminal. Neither is it a well-meant kindness to the youth himself, seeing that fifty opportunities of hanging him may occur, without his being found in so happy a state of preparation as he was before your ill-advised interference."

«If my young contryman," said the Scot, smiling, «be of opinion I have done him an injury, I will return him to your charge without a word more dispute."

«No, no! — for the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed Quentin. «I would rather you swept my head off with your long sword — it would

better become my birth, than to die by the hands of such a foul churl."

«Hear how he revileth," said the finisher of the law. «Alas! how soon our best resolutions pass away — he was in a blessed frame for departure but now, and in two minutes he has become a contemner of authorities."

«Tell me at once," said the Archer, «what has this young man done?"

«Interfered to take down the dead body of a criminal, when the *fleur-de-lys* was marked on the tree where he was hung with my own proper hand," said the executioner.

«How is this, young man?" said the Archer; «how come you to have committed such an offence?"

«As I desire your protection," answered Durward, «I will tell you the truth as if I were at confession. I saw a man struggling on the tree, and I went to cut him down out of mere humanity. I thought neither of fleur-de-lys nor of clovegilliflower, and had no more idea of offending the King of France than our Father the Pope."

«What a murrain had you to do with the dead body, then? You'll see them hanging, in the rear of this gentleman, like grapes on every

tree, and you will have enough to do in this country if you go a gleaning after the hangman; However, I will not quit a countryman's cause if I can help it. — Hark ye, Master Marshalsman, you see this is entirely a mistake. You should have some compassion on so young a traveller. In our country at home he has not been accustomed to see such active proceedings as yours and your master's."

«Not for want of need of them, Signior Archer," said Petit-André, who returned at this moment. «Stand fast, Trois-Eschelles, for here comes the Provost-Marshall; we shall presently see how he will relish having his work taken out of his hand before it is finished."

«And in good time," said the Archer, «here come some of my comrades."

Accordingly, as the Provost Tristan rode up with his patrole on one side of the little hill which was the scene of the altercation, four or five Archers came as hastily up on the other, and at their head the Balafré himself.

Upon this urgency, Leslie shewed none of that indifference towards his nephew of which Quentin had in his heard accused him; for he no sooner saw his comrade and Durward standing upon their defence, than he exclaimed, «Cunningham, I thank thee. Gentlemen — comrades, lend me your aid

— It is a young Scottish gentleman — my nephew — Lindesay — Guthrie — Tyrie, draw, and strike in."

There was now every prospect of a desperate scuffle between the parties, who were not so disproportioned in numbers, but that the better arms of the Scottish cavaliers gave them an equal chance of victory. But the Provost-Marshal, either doubting the issue of the conflict, or aware that it would be disagreeable to the King, made a sign to his followers to forbear from violence, while he demanded of Balafré, who now put himself forward as the head of the other party, «what he, a cavalier of the King's Body-Guard, purposed by opposing the execution of a criminal?"

«I deny that I do so," answered the Balafré. «Saint Martin! there is, I think, some difference between the execution of a criminal, and the slaughter of my own nephew."

«Your nephew may be a criminal as well as another, Signor," said the Provost-Marshal; «and every stranger in France is amenable to the laws of France."

«Yes, but we have privileges, we Scottish Archers," said Balafré; «have we not, comrades?"

«Yes, yes," they all exclaimed together. «Privileges — privileges! Long live King Louis — long live the bold Balafré — long live the Scottish Guard — and death to all who would infringe our privileges!"

«Take reason with you, gentlemen cavaliers," said the Provost-Marshall; «consider my commission."

«We will have no reason at your hand," said Cunningham; «our own officers shall do us reason. We will be judged by the King's grace, or by our own Captain, now that the Lord High Constable is not in presence."

«And we will be hanged by none," said Lindesay, «but Sandie Wilson, the auld Marshalsman of our ain body."

«It would be a positive cheating of Sandie, who is as honest a man as ever tied noose upon hemp, did we give way to any other proceeding," said the Balafré. «Were I to be hanged myself, no other should tie tippet about my craig."

«But hear ye," said the Provost-Marshal, «this young fellow belongs not to you, and cannot share what you call your privileges."

«What we *call* our privileges, all shall admit to be such," said Cunningham.

«We will not hear them questioned!" was the universal cry of the Archers.

«Ye are mad, my masters," said Tristan l'Hermite — «No one disputes your privileges; but this youth is not one of you."

«He is *my* nephew," said the Balafré, with a triumphant air.

«But no Archer of the Guard, I think," retorted Tristan l'Hermite.

The Archers looked on each other in some uncertainty.

«Stand to yet, cousin," whispered Cunningham to Balafré — «Say he is engaged with us."

«Saint Martin! you say well, fair kinsman," answered Lesly; and, raising his voice, swore that he had that day enrolled his kinsman as one of his own retinue.

This declaration was a decisive argument.

«It is well, gentlemen," said the Provost Tristan, who was aware of the King's nervous apprehension of disaffection creeping in among his Guards — «You know, as you say, your privileges, and it is not my duty to have brawls with the King's Guards, if it is to be avoided. But I will report this matter for the King's own decision; and I would have you to be aware, that,

in doing so, I act more mildly than perhaps my duty warrants me."

So saying, he put his troop into motion, while the Archers remaining on the spot, held a hasty consultation what was next to be done.

«We must report the matter to Lord Crawford, our Captain, in the first place, and have the young fellow's name put on the roll."

«But, gentlemen, and my worthy friends and preservers," said Quentin, with some hesitation, «I have not yet determined whether to take service with you or no."

«Then settle in your own mind," said his uncle, «whether you choose to do so, or be hanged — for I promise you that, nephew of mine as you are, I see no other chance of your 'scaping the gallows."

This was an unanswerable argument, and reduced Quentin at once to acquiesce in what he might have otherwise considered as no very agreeable proposal; but the recent escape from the halter, which had been actually around his neck, would probably have reconciled him to a worse alternative than was proposed.

«He must go home with us to our Caserne," said Cunningham; «there is no safety for him

out of our bounds whilst these man-hunters are prowling about."

«May I not then abide for this night at the hostelrie where I breakfasted, fair uncle?" said the youth — thinking, perhaps, like many a new recruit, that even a single night of freedom was something gained.

«Yes, fair nephew," answered his uncle, ironically, «that we may have the pleasure of fishing you out of some canal or moat, or perhaps out of a loop of the Loire, knit up in a sack, for the greater convenience of swimming — for that is like to be the end on't.— The Provost-Marshal smiled on us when we parted," continued he, addressing Cunningham, «and that is a sign his thoughts were dangerous."

«I care not for his danger," said Cunningham; «such game as we are is beyond his bird-bolts. But I would have thee tell the whole to the Devil's Oliver, who is always a good friend to the Scottish Guard, and will see Father Louis before the Provost can, for he is to shave him to-morrow."

«But hark you," said Balafré, «it is ill going to Oliver empty-handed, and I am as bare as the birch in December."

«So are we all," said Cunningham — «Oliver must not scruple to take our Scottish words for once. We will make up something handsome among us against the next pay-day; and if *he* expects to share, let me tell you, the pay-day will come about all the sooner."

«And now for the Chateau," said Balafré; «and my nephew shall tell us by the way how he brought the Provost-Marshal on his shoulders, that we may know how to shape our report both to Crawford and Oliver."

# CHAPTER VII.

## THE ENROLMENT.

*Justice of Peace. — Here, hand me down the*
*Statute — read the articles —*
*Swear, kiss the book — subscribe, and be a hero;*
*Drawing a portion from the public stock*
*For deeds of valour to be done hereafter —*
*Sixpence per day, subsistence and arrears.*

*The Recruiting Officer.*

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An attendant upon the Archers having been dismounted, Quentin Durward was accommodated with his horse, and, in company of his martial countrymen, rode at a round pace towards the Castle of Plessis, about to become, although on his own part involuntarily, an inhabitant of that gloomy fortress, the outside of which had, that morning, struck him with so much surprise.

In the meanwhile, in answer to his uncle's repeated interrogations, he gave him an exact account of the accident which had that morning brought him into so much danger. Although he himself saw nothing in his narrative save what was affecting, he found it was received with much laughter by his escort.

«And yet it is no good jest either," said his uncle, «for what, in the devil's name, could lead the senseless boy to meddle with the body of a cursed misbelieving Jewish Moorish pagan?"

«Had he quarrelled with the Marshals-men about a pretty wench, as Michael of Moffat did, there had been more sense in it," said Cunningham.

«But I think it touches our honour, that Tristan and his people pretend to confound our Scottish bonnets with these pilfering vagabonds' *tocques* and *turbands*, as they call them," said Lindesay — «If they have not eyes to see the difference, they must be taught by rule of hand. But it's my belief, Tristan but pretends to mistake, that he may snap up the kindly Scots that come over to see their kinsfolks."

«May I ask, kinsman," se Quentin, «what sort of people these are of whom you speak?"

«In troth you may ask," said his uncle, «but I know not, fair nephew, who is able to answer

you. Not I, I am sure, although I know, it may be, as much as other people; but they have appeared in this land within a year or two, just as a flight of locusts might do."

«Ay," said Lindesay, «and Jacques Bonhomme, (that is our name for the peasant, young man, — you will learn our way of talk by times) — honest Jacques, I say, cares little what wind either brings them or the locusts, so he but know any gale that would carry them away again."

«Do they do so much evil?" said the young man.

«Evil? — why, boy, they are heathens, or Jews, or Mahomedans at the least, and neither worship our Lady nor the Saints — (crossing himself) — and steal what they can lay hands on, and sing, and tell fortunes," added Cunningham.

«And they say there are some goodly wenches amongst these women," said Guthrie; «but Cunningham knows that best."

«How, brother!" said Cunningham; «I trust ye mean me no reproach?"

«I am sure I said ye none," answered Guthrie.

«I will be judged by the company," said Cunningham. — «Ye said as much as that I, a Scotish gentleman, and living within pale of holy

church, had a fair friend among these off-scourings of Heathenesse."

«Nay, nay," said Balafré, «he did but jest — We will have no quarrels among comrades."

«We must have no such jesting then," said Cunningham, murmuring as if he had been speaking to his own beard.

«Be there such vagabonds in other lands than France?" said Lindesay.

«Ay, in good sooth, are there — tribes of them have appeared in Germany, and in Spain, and in England," answered Balafré. «By the blessing of good Saint Andrew, Scotland is free of them yet."

«Scotland," said Cunningham, «is too cold a country for locusts, and too poor a country for thieves."

«Or perhaps John Highlander will suffer no thieves to thrive there but his own," said Guthrie.

«I let you all know," said Balafré, «that I come from the Braes of Angus, and have gentle Highland kin in Glen-Isla, and I will not have the Highlanders slandered."

«You will not deny that they are cattle-lifters?" said Guthrie.

«To drive a spreagh, or so, is no thievery,"

said Balafré, «and that I will maintain when and how you dare."

«For shame, comrade," said Cunningham; «who quarrels now? — the young man should not see such mad misconstruction. — Come, here we are at the Chateau. I will bestow a runlet of wine to have a rouse in friendship, and drink to Scotland, Highland and Lowland both, if you will meet me at dinner at my quarters."

«Agreed — agreed," said Balafré; «and I will bestow another, to wash away unkindness, and to drink a health to my nephew on his first entrance to our corps."

At their approach, the wicket was opened, and the draw-bridge fell. One by one they entered; but when Quentin appeared, the centinels crossed their pikes, and commanded him to stand, while bows were bent and harquebusses aimed at him from the walls — a rigour of vigilance used, notwithstanding that the young stranger came in company of a party of the garrison, nay, of the very body which furnished the centinels who were then upon duty.

Balafré, who had remained by his nephew's side on purpose, gave the necessary explanations, and, after some considerable hesitation and delay, the youth was conveyed under a strong guard to the Lord Crawford's apartment.

This Scottish nobleman was one of the last reliques of the gallant band of Scottish lords and knights who had so long and so truly served Charles VI. in those bloody wars which decided the independence of the French crown, and the expulsion of the English. He had fought, when a boy, abreast with Douglas and with Buchan, had ridden beneath the banner of the Maid of Arc, and was perhaps one of the last of those associates of Scottish chivalry who had so willingly drawn their swords for the *fleur-de-lys*, against the "auld enemies of England." Changes which had taken place in the Scottish kingdom, and perhaps his having become habituated to French climate and manners, had induced the old Baron to resign all thoughts of returning to his native country, the rather that the high office which he held in the household of Louis, and his own frank and loyal character, had gained a considerable ascendancy over the King, who, though in general no ready believer in human virtue or honour, trusted and confided in those of the Lord Crawford, and allowed him the greater influence, because he was never known to interfere excepting in matters which concerned his charge.

Balafré and Cunningham followed Durward and the guard to the apartment of their officer, by whose dignified appearance, as well as with

the respect paid to him by these proud soldiers, who seemed to respect no one else, the young man was much and strongly impressed.

Lord Crawford was tall, and through advanced age had become gaunt and thin; yet retaining in his sinews the strength at least, if not the elasticity, of youth, he was able to endure the weight of his armour during a march as well as the youngest man who rode in his band. He was hard-favoured, with a scarred and weather-beaten countenance, and an eye that had looked upon death as his play-fellow in thirty pitched battles, but which nevertheless expressed a good-humoured contempt of danger, rather than the ferocious courage of a mercenary soldier. His tall erect figure was at present wrapped in a loose chamber-gown, secured around him by his buff belt, in which was suspended his richly-hilted poniard. He had round his neck the collar and badge of the order of Saint Michael. He sat upon a couch covered with deer's hide, and with spectacles on his nose, (then a recent invention,) was labouring to read a huge manuscript called the *Rosier de la Guerre*, a code of military and civil policy which Louis had compiled for the benefit of his son the Dauphin, and upon which he was desirous to have the opinion of the experienced Scottish warrior.

Lord Crawford laid his book somewhat peevishly aside upon the entrance of these unexpected visitors, and demanded, in his broad national dialect, «what, in the foul fiend's name, they lacked now?"

Balafré, with more respect than perhaps he would have shewn to Louis himself, stated at full length the circumstances in which his nephew was placed, and humbly requested his Lordship's protection. Lord Crawford listened very attentively. He could not but smile at the simplicity with which the youth had interfered in behalf of the hanged criminal, but he shook his head at the account which he received of the ruffle betwixt the Scottish Archers and the Provost-Marshal's guard.

«How often," he said, «will you bring me such ill-winded pirns to ravel out? How often must I tell you, and especially both you, Ludovic Lesly, and you, Archie Cunningham, that the foreign soldier should bear himself modestly and decorously towards the people of the country, if you would not have the whole dogs of the town at your heels? However, if you must have a bargain, I would rather it were with that loon of a Provost than any one else; and I blame you less for this onslaught than for other frays that you have made, Ludovic, for it was but natural and kind-

like to help your young kinsman. The simple bairn must come to no skaith neither; so give me the roll of the company yonder down from the shelf, and we will even add his name to the troop, that he may enjoy the privileges."

«May it please your Lordship —" said Durward —

«Is the lad crazed!" exclaimed his uncle — «Would you speak to his Lordship, without a question asked?"

«Patience, Ludovic," said Lord Crawford, «and let us hear what the bairn has to say."

«Only this, if it may please your Lordship," replied Quentin, «that I told my uncle formerly I had some doubts about entering this service. I have now to say that they are entirely removed, since I have seen the noble and experienced commander under whom I am to serve; for there is authority in your look."

«Weel said, my bairn," said the old Lord, not insensible to the compliment; «we have had some experience, and God sent us grace to improve by it, both in service and in command. There you stand, Quentin, in our honourable corps of Scottish Body-guards, as esquire to your uncle, and serving under his lance. I trust you will do well, for you should be a right man-a-tarms, if all be

good that is up-come, and you are come of a gentle kindred. — Ludovic, you will see that your kinsman follows his exercise diligently, for we will have spears breaking one of these days."

"By my hilts, and I am glad of it, my Lord — this peace makes cowards of us all. I myself feel a sort of decay of spirit, closed up in this cursed dungeon of a Castle."

"Well, a bird whistled in my ear," continued Lord Crawford, "that the old banner will be soon dancing in the field again."

"I will drink a cup the deeper this evening to that very tune," said Balafré.

"Thou wilt drink to any tune," said Lord Crawford; "and I fear me, Ludovic, you will drink a bitter browst of your own brewing one day."

Leslie, a little abashed, replied, "that it had not been his wont for many a day; but his Lordship knew the use of the company, to have a carouse to the health of a new comrade."

"True," said the old leader, "I had forgot the occasion. I will send a few stoups of wine to assist your carouse; but let it be over by sunset. And, hark ye — let the soldiers for duty be carefully pricked off; and see that none of them be more or less partakers of your debauch."

«Your Lordship shall be lawfully obeyed," said Ludovic; «and your health duly remembered."

«Perhaps," said Lord Crawford, «I may look in myself upon your mirth — just to see that all is carried decently."

«Your Lordship shall be most dearly welcome," said Ludovic; and the whole party retreated in high spirits to prepare for their military banquet, to which Leslie invited about a score of his comrades, who were pretty much in the habit of making their mess together.

A soldier's festival is generally a very extemporé affair, providing there is enough of meat and drink to be had; but, on the present occasion, Ludovic bustled about to procure some better wine than ordinary; observing, that the «old Lord was the surest gear in their aught, and that, while he preached sobriety to them, he himself, after drinking at the royal table as much wine as he could honestly come by, never omitted any creditable opportunity to fill up the evening over the wine-pot; so you must prepare, comrades," he said, «to hear the old histories of the battles of Vernoil and Beaugé."

The Gothic apartment in which they generally met was, therefore, hastily put into the best order; their grooms were dispatched to collect

green rushes to spread upon the floor; and banners, under which the Scottish Guard had marched to battle, or which they had taken from the enemies' ranks, were displayed, by way of tapestry, over the table, and around the walls of the chamber.

The next point was, to invest the young recruit as hastily as possible with the dress and appropriate arms of the Guard, that he might appear in every respect the sharer of its important privileges, in virtue of which, and by the support of his countrymen, he might freely brave the power and the displeasure of the Provost-Marshal — although the one was known to be as formidable, as the other was unrelenting.

The banquet was joyous in the highest degree; and the guests gave vent to the whole current of their national partiality on receiving into their ranks a recruit from their beloved father-land. Old Scottish songs were sung, old tales of Scottish heroes told — the achievements of their fathers, and the scenes in which they were wrought, were recalled to mind; and, for a time, the rich plains of Touraine seemed converted into the mountainous and sterile regions of Caledonia.

When their enthusiasm was at high flood, and each was endeavouring to say something to enhance the dear remembrance of Scotland, it re-

ceived a new impulse from the arrival of Lord Crawford, who, as Balafré had well prophesied, sat as it were on thorns at the royal board, until an opportunity occurred of making his escape to the revelry of his own countrymen. A chair of state had been reserved for him at the upper end of the table; for, according to the manners of the age, and the constitution of that body, although their leader and commander under the King and High Constable, the members of the corps, (as we should now say the privates,) being all ranked as noble by birth, their Captain sat with them at the same table without impropriety, and might mingle when he chose in their festivity, without derogation from his dignity as commander.

At present, however, Lord Crawford declined occupying the seat prepared for him, and bidding them «hold themselves merry," stood looking on the revel with a countenance which seemed greatly to enjoy it.

«Let him alone," whispered Cunningham to Lindesay, as the latter offered the wine to their noble Captain, «let him alone — hurry no man's cattle — let him take it of his own accord."

In fact, the old Lord, who at first smiled, shook his head, and placed the untasted wine-cup before him, began presently, as if it were in absence of mind, to sip a little of the contents,

and in doing so, fortunately recollected that it would be ill luck did he not drink a draught to the health of the gallant lad who had joined them this day. The pledge was filled, and answered, as may be well supposed, with many a joyous shout, when the old leader proceeded to acquaint them that he had possessed Master Oliver with an account of what had passed that day: «And as," he said, «the scraper of chins hath no great love for the stretcher of throats, he has joined me in obtaining from the King an order, commanding the Provost to suspend all proceedings, under whatsoever pretence, against Quentin Durward; and to respect, on all occasions, the privileges of the Scottish Guard."

Another shout broke forth, the cups were again filled, till the wine sparkled on the brim, and there was an acclaim to the health of the noble Lord Crawford, the brave conservator of the privileges and rights of his countrymen. The good old Lord could not but in courtesy do reason to this pledge also, and gliding into the ready chair as it were, without reflecting what he was doing, he caused Quentin to come up beside him, and assailed him with many more questions concerning the state of Scotland, and the great families there, than he was well able to answer; while ever and anon, in the course of his queries,

the good Lord kissed the wine-cup by way of parenthesis, remarking, that sociality became Scottish gentlemen, but that young men, like Quentin, ought to practise it cautiously, lest it might degenerate into excess; upon which occasion he uttered many excellent things, until his own tongue, although employed in the praises of temperance, began to articulate something thicker than usual. It was now that, while the military ardour of the company augmented with each flagon which they emptied, Cunningham called on them to drink the speedy hoisting of the *Oriflamme* (the royal banner of France).

„And a breeze of Burgundy to fan it!" echoed Lindesay.

„With all the soul that is left in this worn body do I accept the pledge, bairns," echoed Lord Crawford; „and as old as I am, I trust I may see it flutter yet. Hark ye, my mates, (for wine had made him something communicative,) ye are all true servants to the French crown, and wherefore should ye not know there is an envoy come from Duke Charles of Burgundy, with a message of an angry favour."

„I saw the Count of Crevecœur's equipage, horses, and retinue," said another of the guests, „down at the inn yonder, at the Mulberry Grove.

They say the King will not admit him into the Castle."

«Now, heaven send him an ungracious answer!" says Guthrie; «but what is it he complains of?"

«A world of grievances upon the frontier," said Lord Crawford; «and latterly, that the King hath received under his protection a lady of his land, a young Countess, who hath fled from Dijon, because, being a ward of the Duke, he would have her marry his favourite, Campobasso."

«And hath she actually come hither alone, my Lord?" said Lindesay.

«Nay, not altogether alone, but with the old Countess, her kinswoman, who hath yielded to her cousin's wishes in this matter."

«And will the King," said Cunningham, «he being the Duke's feudal sovereign, interfere between the Duke and his ward, over whom Charles hath the same right, which, were he himself dead, the King would have over the heiress of Burgundy?"

«The King will be ruled, as he is wont, by rules of policy; and you know," continued Crawford, «that he hath not publicly received these ladies, nor placed them under the protection of

his daughter, the Lady of Beaujeu, or the Princess Joan, so, doubtless, he will be guided by circumstances. He is our master — but it is no treason to say, he shall chase with the hounds, and run with the hare, with any Prince in Christendom."

«But the Duke of Burgundy understands no such doubling," said Cunningham.

«No," answered the old Lord; «and, therefore, it is like to make work between them."

«Well — Saint Andrew further the fray," said Balafré. «I had it foretold me ten, ay, twenty years since, that I was to make the fortune of my house by marriage. Who knows what may happen, if once we come to fight for honour and ladies' love, as they do in the old romaunts?"

«*Thou* name ladies' love, with such a trench in thy visage!" said Guthrie.

«As well not love at all, as love a Bohemian woman of Heathenesse," answered Balafré.

«Hold there, comrades," said Lord Crawford; «no tilting with sharp weapons, no jesting with keen scoffs — friends all. And for the lady, she is too wealthy to fall to a poor Scotch lord, or I would put in my own claim, fourscore years and all, or not very far from it. But here is her

health, nevertheless, for they say she is a lamp of beauty."

«I think I saw her," said another soldier, «when I was upon guard this morning at the inner barrier; but she was more like a dark lantern than a lamp, for she and another were brought into the Chateau in close litters."

«Shame! shame! Arnot!" said Lord Crawford; «a soldier on duty should say nought of what he sees. Besides," he added, after a pause, his own curiosity prevailing over the shew of discipline which he had thought it necessary to exert, «why should these litters contain this very same Countess Isabelle de Croye?"

«Nay, my Lord," replied Arnot, «I know nothing of it save this, that my coutelier was airing my horses in the road to the village, and fell in with Doguin the muleteer, who brought back the litters to the inn, for they belong to the fellow of the Mulberry-grove yonder — he of the Fleur-de-Lys, I mean — and so Doguin asked Saunders Steed to take a cup of wine, as they were acquainted, which he was no doubt willing enough to do —"

«No doubt — no doubt," said the old Lord; «it is a thing I wish were corrected among you, gentlemen; but all your grooms and couteliers,

and jackmen, as we should call them in Scotland, are but too ready to take a cup of wine with any one — It is a thing perilous in war, and must be amended. But, Andrew Arnot, this is a long tale of yours, and we will cut it with a drink; as the Highlander says, *Skeoch doch nan skial,* and that's good Gaelic.— Here is to the Countess Isabelle of Croye, and a better husband to her than Campo-basso, who is a base Italian cullion! — And now, Andrew Arnot, what said the muleteer to this yeoman of thine?"

«Why he told him in secrecy, if it please your Lordship," continued Arnot, «that these two ladies whom he had presently before convoyed up to the Castle in the close litters, were great ladies, who had been living in secret at his master's house for some days, and that the King had visited them more than once very privately, and had done them great honour; and that they had fled up to the Castle, as he believed, for fear of the Count de Crevecœur, the Duke of Burgundy's ambassador, whose approach was just announced by an advanced courier."

«Ay, Andrew, come you there to me?" said Guthrie; «then I will be sworn it was the Countess whose voice I heard singing to the lute as I came even now through the inner court — the sound came from the bay-windows of the Dau-

phin's Tower; and such melody was there as no one ever heard before in the Castle of Plessis of the Park. By my faith, I thought it was music of the Fairy Melusina's making. There I stood — though I knew your board was covered, and that you were all impatient — there I stood, like —"

«Like an ass, Johnny Guthrie," said his commander; «thy long nose smelling the dinner, thy long ears hearing the music, and thy short discretion not enabling thee to tell which of them thou didst prefer. — Hark! is not that the Cathedral bell tolling to vespers? — Sure it cannot be that time yet? — The mad old sexton has toll'd evensong an hour too soon."

«In faith, the bell rings but too justly the hour," said Cunningham; «yonder the sun is sinking on the west side of the fair plain."

«Ay," said the Lord Crawford, «is it even so? — Well, lads, we must live within compass — Fair and soft goes far — slow fire makes sweet malt — to be merry and wise is a sound proverb. — One other rouse to the weal of old Scotland, and then each man to his duty."

The parting-cup was emptied, and the guests dismissed — the stately old Baron taking the Balafré's arm, under pretence of giving him some instructions concerning his nephew, but, perhaps,

in reality lest his own lofty pace should seem in the public eye less steady than became his rank and high command. A solemn countenance did he bear as he passed through the two courts which separated his lodging from the festal chamber, and solemn as the gravity of a hogshead was the farewell caution, with which he prayed Ludovic to attend his nephew's motions, especially in the matters of wenches and wine-cups.

Meanwhile, not a word that was spoken concerning the beautiful Countess Isabelle had escaped the young Durward, who, conducted into a small cabin, which he was to share with his uncle's page, made his new and lowly abode the scene of much high musing. The reader will easily imagine that the young soldier should build a fine romance on such a foundation as the supposed, or rather the assumed, identification of the Maiden of the turret, to whose lay he had listened with so much interest, and the fair cupbearer of Maitre Pierre, with a fugitive Countess, of rank and wealth, flying the pursuit of a hated lover, the favourite of an oppressive guardian, who abused his feudal power. There was an interlude in Quentin's vision concerning Maitre Pierre, who seemed to exercise such authority even over the formidable officer from whose hands he had that day, with much difficulty,

made his escape. At length the youth's reveries, which had been respected by little Will Harper, the companion of his cell, were broken in upon by the return of his uncle, who commanded Quentin to bed, that he might arise by times in the morning, and attend him to his Majesty's antichamber, to which he was called by his hour of duty, along with five of his comrades.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## THE ENVOY.

*Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;*
*For ere thou canst report I will be there,*
*The thunder of my cannon shall be heard —*
*So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath.*

*King John.*

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Had sloth been a temptation by which Durward was easily beset, the noise with which the *caserne* of the guards resounded after the first toll of Primes, had certainly banished the syren from his couch; but the discipline of his father's tower, and of the convent of Aberbrothick, had taught him to start with the dawn, and he did on his clothes gaily, amid the sounding of bugles and the clash of armour, which announced the change of the vigilant guards — some of whom were re-

turning to barracks after their nightly duty, whilst others were marching out to that of the morning — and others, again, amongst whom was his uncle, were arming for immediate attendance upon the person of Louis. Quentin Durward soon put on, with the feelings of so young a man on such an occasion, the splendid dress and arms appertaining to his new situation; and his uncle, who looked with great accuracy and interest to see that he was completely fitted out in every respect, did not conceal his satisfaction at the improvement which had been thus made in his nephew's appearance. «If thou doest prove as faithful and bold as thou art well-favoured, I shall have in thee one of the handsomest and best esquires in the Guard, which cannot but be an honour to thy mother's family. Follow me to the presence-chamber; and see thou keep close at my shoulder."

So saying, he took up a partizan, large, weighty, and beautifully inlaid and ornamented, and directing his nephew to assume a lighter weapon of a similar description, they proceeded to the inner-court of the palace, where their comrades, who were to form the guard of the interior apartments, were already drawn up, and under arms — the squires each standing behind their masters, to whom they thus formed a

second rank. Here were also in attendance many yeomen-prickers, with gallant horses and noble dogs, on which Quentin looked with such inquisitive delight, that his uncle was obliged more than once to remind him that they were not there for his private amusement, but for the King's, who had a strong passion for the chase, one of the few inclinations which he indulged, even when coming into competition with his course of policy; being so strict a protector of the game in the royal forests, that it was currently said, you might kill a man with greater impunity than a stag.

On a signal given, the guards were put into motion by the command of Balafré, who acted as officer upon the occasion; and, after some minutiæ of word and signal, which all went to shew the extreme and punctilious jealousy with which their duty was performed, they marched into the hall of audience, where the King was immediately expected.

New as Quentin was to scenes of splendour, the effect of that which was now before him rather disappointed the expectations which he had formed of the brilliancy of a court. There were household officers indeed, richly attired; there were guards gallantly armed, and there were domestics of various degrees: But he saw none of the ancient counsellors of the kingdom, none

of the high officers of the crown, heard none of the names which in those days sounded an alarum to chivalry; saw none either of those generals or leaders, who, possessed of full prime of manhood, were the strength of France, or of the more youthful and fiery nobles, those early aspirants after honour, who were her pride. The jealous habits — the reserved manners — the deep and artful policy of the King, had estranged this splendid circle from the throne, and they were only called around it upon certain stated and formal occasions, when they went reluctantly, and returned joyfully, as the animals in the fable are supposed to have approached and left the den of the lion.

The very few persons who seemed to be there in the character of counsellors, were mean-looking men, whose countenances sometimes expressed sagacity, but whose manners shewed they were called into a sphere for which their previous education and habits had qualified them but indifferently. One or two persons, however, did appear to Durward to possess a more noble mien, and the strictness of the present duty was not such as to prevent his uncle communicating the names of those whom he thus distinguished.

With the Lord Crawford, who was in attendance, dressed in the rich habit of his office, and

holding a leading staff of silver in his hand, Quentin, as well as the reader, was already acquainted. Among others who seemed of quality, the most remarkable was the Count de Dunois, the son of that celebrated Dunois, known by the name of the Bastard of Orleans, who, fighting under the banner of Jeanne d'Arc, acted such a distinguished part in liberating France from the English yoke. His son well supported the high renown which had descended to him from such an honoured source; and, notwithstanding his connection with the royal family, and his hereditary popularity both with the nobles and the people, Dunois had, upon all occasions, manifested such an open, frank loyalty of character, that he seemed to have escaped all suspicion, even on the part of the jealous Louis, who loved to see him near his person, and sometimes even called him to his councils. Although accounted complete in all the exercises of chivalry, and possessed of much of the character of what was then termed a perfect knight, the person of the Count was far from being a model of romantic beauty. He was under the common size, though very strongly built, and his legs rather curved outwards, into that make which is more convenient for horseback, than elegant for a pedestrian. His shoulders were broad, his hair black, his complexion swarthy, his arms remarkably long and nervous.

The features of his countenance were irregular, even to ugliness; yet, after all, there was an air of conscious worth and nobility about the Count de Dunois, which stamped, at the first glance, the character of the high-born nobleman, and the undaunted soldier. His mien was bold and upright, his step free and manly, and the harshness of his countenance was dignified by a glance like an eagle, and a frown like a lion. His dress was a hunting suit, rather sumptuous than gay, and he acted on most occasions as Grand Huntsman, though we are not inclined to believe that he actually held the office.

Upon the arm of Dunois, walking with a step so slow and melancholy, that he seemed to rest on his kinsman and supporter, came Louis Duke of Orleans, the first Prince of the blood royal, and to whom the guards and attendants rendered their homage as such. The jealously-watched object of Louis's suspicions, this Prince, who, failing the King's offspring, was heir to the kingdom, was not suffered to absent himself from court, and, while residing there, was denied alike employment and countenance. The dejection which his degraded and almost captive state naturally impressed on the deportment of this unfortunate Prince, was at this moment greatly increased, by his consciousness that the King meditated,

with respect to him, one of the most cruel and unjust actions which a tyrant could commit, by compelling him to give his hand to the Princess Joan of France, the younger daughter of Louis, to whom he had been contracted in infancy, but whose deformed person rendered the insisting upon such an agreement an act of abominable rigour.

The exterior of this unhappy Prince was in no respect distinguished by personal advantages; and in mind he was of a gentle, mild, and beneficent disposition, qualities which were even visible through the veil of extreme dejection, with which his natural character was at present obscured. Quentin observed that he studiously avoided even looking at the Royal Guards, and when he returned their salute, that the Duke kept his eyes bent on the ground, as if he feared the King's jealousy might have construed that gesture of ordinary courtesy, as arising from the purpose of establishing a separate and personal interest among them.

Very different was the conduct of the proud Cardinal and Prelate, John of Balue, the favourite Minister of Louis for the time, whose rise and character bore as close a resemblance to that of Wolsey, as the difference betwixt the crafty and politic Louis, and the headlong

and rash Henry VIII. of England, would permit. The former had raised his minister from the lowest rank, to the dignity, or at least to the emoluments, of Grand Almoner of France, loaded him with benefices, and obtained for him the hat of a Cardinal; and although he was too cautious to repose in the ambitious Balue the unbounded power and trust which Henry placed in Wolsey, yet he was more influenced by him than by any other of his avowed counsellors. The Cardinal, accordingly, had not escaped the error incidental to those who are suddenly raised to power from an obscure situation, for he entertained a strong persuasion, dazzled doubtless by the suddenness of his elevation, that his capacity was equal to intermeddling with affairs of every kind, even those most foreign to his profession and studies. Tall and ungainly in his person, he affected gallantry and admiration of the fair sex, although his manners rendered his pretensions absurd, and his profession marked them as indecorous. Some male or female flatterer had, in evil hour, possessed him with the idea that there was much beauty of contour in a pair of huge substantial legs, which he had derived from his father, a car-man of Limoges; and with this idea he had become so infatuated, that he always had his cardinal's robes a little looped up on one side, that the sturdy proportion of his limbs

might not escape observation. As he swept through the stately apartment in his crimson dress and rich cope, he stopped repeatedly to look at the arms and appointments of the cavaliers on guard, asked them several questions in an authoritative tone, and took upon him to censure some of them for what he termed irregularities of discipline, in language to which these experienced soldiers dared no reply, although it was plain they listened to it with impatience and with contempt.

«Is the King aware," said Dunois to the Cardinal, «that the Burgundian Envoy is peremptory in demanding an audience?"

«He is," answered the Cardinal; «and here, as I think, comes the all-suficient Oliver Dain, to let us know his royal pleasure."

As he spoke, a remarkable person, who then divided the favour of Louis with the proud Cardinal himself, entered from the inner apartment, but without any of that important and consequential demeanour which marked the full-blown dignity of the churchman. On the contrary, this was a little, pale, meagre man, whose black-silk jerkin and hose, without either coat, cloak, or cassock, were ill qualified to set off to advantage a very ordinary person. He carried

a silver basin in his hand, and a napkin flung over his arm indicated his menial capacity. His visage was penetrating and quick, although he endeavoured to banish such expression from his features by keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, as, with the stealthy and quiet pace of a cat, he seemed modestly rather to glide than to walk through the apartment. But though modesty may easily disguise worth, it cannot hide court-favour; and all attempts to steal unperceived through the presence-chamber were vain, on the part of one known to have such possession of the King's ear, as had been attained by his celebrated barber and groom of the chamber, Oliver le Dain, called sometimes Oliver le Mauvais, and sometimes Oliver le Diable, epithets derived from the unscrupulous cunning with which he assisted the execution of the schemes of his master's tortuous policy. At present he spoke earnestly for a few moments with the Count de Dunois, who instantly left the chamber, while the tonsor glided quietly back towards the royal apartment whence he had issued, every one giving place to him; which civility he only acknowledged by the most humble inclination of the body, excepting in a very few instances, where he made one or two persons the subject of envy to all the other courtiers by whispering a single word in their ear; and at the same time muttering something of the duties of his place,

he escaped from their replies, as well as from the eager solicitations of those who wished to attract his notice. Ludovic Lesly had the good fortune to be one of the individuals who, on the present occasion, was favoured by Oliver with a single word, to assure him that his matter was fortunately terminated.

Presently afterwards, he had another proof of the same agreeable tidings, for Tristan l'Hermite, the Provost-Marshal of the Royal Household, entered the apartment, and came straight to the place where Le Balafré was posted. This formidable officer's dress, which was very rich, had only the effect of making his sinister countenance and bad mien more strikingly remarkable, and the tone which he meant for conciliatory, was like nothing so much as the growling of a bear. The import of his words, however, was more amicable than the voice in which they were pronounced. He regretted the mistake which had fallen between them on the preceding day, and observed it was owing to the Sieur Le Balafré's nephew not wearing the uniform of his corps, or announcing himself as belonging to it, which had led him into the error for which he now asked forgiveness.

Ludovic Lesly made the necessary reply, and as soon as Tristan had turned away, observed to his nephew, that they had now the distinction of

having a mortal enemy from henceforward in the person of this dreaded officer. «But a soldier,” said he, «who does his duty, may laugh at the Provost - Marshal.”

Quentin could not help being of his uncle's opinion, for, as Tristan parted from them, it was with the look of angry defiance which the bear casts upon the hunter whose spear has wounded him. Indeed, even when less strongly moved, his sullen eye expressed a malevolence of purpose which made men shudder to meet his glance; and the thrill of the young Scot was the deeper and more abhorrent, that he seemed to himself still to feel on his shoulders the grasp of the two death-doing functionaries of this fatal officer.

Meanwhile, Oliver, after he had prowled around the room in the stealthy manner which we have endeavoured to describe, — all, even the highest officers, making way for him, and loading him with their ceremonious attentions, which his modesty seemed desirous to avoid, — again entered the inner apartment, the doors of which were presently thrown open, and King Louis entered the presence - chamber.

Quentin, like all others, turned his eyes upon him; and started so suddenly, that he almost dropped his weapon, when he recognized in the

King of France that silk-merchant, Maitre Pierre, who had been the companion of his morning walk. Singular suspicions respecting the real rank of this person had at different times crossed his thoughts; but this, the proved reality, was wilder than his wildest conjecture.

The stern look of his uncle, offended at this breach of the decorum of his office, recalled him to himself; but not a little was he astonished when the King, whose quick eye had at once discovered him, walked straight to the place where he was posted, without taking notice of any one else. — «So," he said, «young man, I am told you have been brawling on your first arrival in Touraine; but I pardon you, as it was chiefly the fault of a foolish old merchant, who thought your Caledonian blood required to be heated in the morning with *Vin de Beaulne.* If I can find him, I will make him an example to those who debauch my Guards. — Balafré," he added, speaking to Lesly, «your kinsman is a fair youth, though a fiery. We love to cherish such spirits, and mean to make more than ever we did of the brave men who are around us. Let the year, day, hour, and minute of his birth be written down, and given to Oliver Dain."

Balafré bowed to the ground, and re-assumed his erect military position, as one who would

shew by his demeanour his promptitude to act in the King's quarrel or defence. Quentin, in the meantime, recovered from his first surprise, studied the King's appearance more attentively, and was surprised to find how differently he construed his deportment and features.

These were not much changed in exterior, for Louis, always a scorner of outward show, wore, on the present occasion, an old dark-blue huntingdress, not much better than the plain burgher suit of the preceding day, and garnished with a huge rosary of ebony, which had been sent to him by no less a personage than the Grand Seignior, with an attestation that it had been used by a Coptic hermit on Mount Lebanon, a personage of profound sanctity. And for his cap with a single image, he now wore a hat, the band of which was garnished with at least a dozen of little paltry figures of saints stamped in lead. But those eyes, which, according to Quentin's former impression, only twinkled with the love of gain, had, now that they were known to be the property of an able and powerful monarch, a piercing and majestic glance; and those wrinkles on the brow, which he had supposed were formed during a long series of petty schemes of commerce, seemed now the furrows which sagacity

had worn while toiling in meditation upon the fate of nations.

Presently after the King's appearance, the Princesses of France, with the ladies of their suite, entered the apartment. With the eldest, afterwards married to Peter of Bourbon, and known in French history by the name of the Lady of Beaujeu, our story has but little to do. She was tall, and rather handsome, possessed eloquence, talent, and much of her father's sagacity, who reposed much confidence in her, and loved her as much perhaps as he loved any one.

The younger sister, the unfortunate Joan, the destined bride of the Duke of Orleans, advanced timidly by the side of her sister, conscious of a total want of those external qualities which women are most desirous of possessing, or being thought to possess. She was pale, thin, and sickly in her complexion, her shape visibly bent to one side, and her gait so unequal that she might be called lame. A fine set of teeth, and eyes which were expressive of melancholy, softness, and resignation, with a quantity of light brown locks, were the only redeeming points which flattery itself could have dared to number, to counteract the general homeliness of her face and figure. To complete the picture, it was easy to remark, from the Princess's negligence in

dress, and the timidity of her manner, that she had an unusual and distressing consciousness of her own plainness of appearance, and did not dare to make any of those attempts to mend by manners or by art what nature had left amiss, or in any other way to exert a power of pleasing. The King (who loved her not) stepped hastily to her as she entered. — «How now!" he said, «our world-contemning daughter — Are you robed for a hunting-party, or for the convent, this morning? Speak — answer."

«For which your highness pleases, sire," said the Princess, scarce raising her voice above her breath.

«Ay, doubtless, you would persuade me it is your desire to quit the court, Joan, and renounce the world and its vanities. — Ha! maiden, wouldst thou have it thought that we, the first-born of Holy Church, would refuse our daughter to Heaven? — Our Lady and Saint Martin forbid we should refuse the offering, were it worthy of the altar, or were thy vocation in truth thitherward."

So saying, the King crossed himself devoutly, looking, in the mean time, as appeared to Quentin, very like a cunning vassal, who was depreciating the merit of something which he was

desirous to keep to himself, in order that he might stand excused for not offering it to his chief or superior. „Dares he thus play the hypocrite with Heaven," thought Durward, „and sport with God and the Saints, as he may safely do with men, who dare not search his nature too closely?"

Louis meantime resumed, after a moment's mental devotion — „No, fair daughter, I and another know your real mind better — Ha! fair cousin of Orleans, do we not? Approach, fair sir, and lead this devoted vestal of our's to her horse."

Orleans started when the King spoke, and hastened to obey him; but with such precipitation of step, and confusion, that Louis called out, „Nay, cousin, rein your gallantry, and look before you. — Why, what a headlong matter a gallant's haste is on some occasions! — You had well nigh taken Anne's hand instead of her sister's. — Sir, must I give Joan's to you myself?"

The unhappy Prince looked up, and shuddered like a child, when forced to touch something at which it has instinctive horror — then making an effort, took the hand which the Princess neither gave nor yet withheld. As they stood, her cold damp fingers enclosed in his trembling hand,

with their eyes looking on the ground, it would have been difficult to say which of these two youthful beings was rendered most utterly miserable — the Duke, who felt himself fettered to the object of his aversion by bonds which he durst not tear asunder, or the unfortunate young woman, who too plainly saw that she was an object of abhorrence to him, to gain whose kindness she would willingly have died.

«And now to horse, gentlemen and ladies — We will ourselves lead forth our daughter of Beaujeu," said the King; «and God's blessing and Saint Hubert's be on our morning sport."

«I am, I fear, doomed to interrupt it, sire," said the Compte de Dunois — «The Burgundian Envoy is before the gates of the Castle, and demands an audience."

«*Demands* an audience, Dunois?" replied the King — «Did you not answer him, as we sent you word by Oliver, that we were not at leisure to see him to-day, — and that to-morrow was the festival of Saint Martin, which, please Heaven, we would disturb by no earthly thoughts, — and that on the succeeding day we were designed for Amboise — but that we would not fail to appoint him as early an audience, when we returned, as our pressing affairs would permit?"

«All this I said," answered Dunois; «but yet, sire —"

«*Pasques-dieu!* man, what is it that thus sticks in thy throat?" said the King. «This Burgundian's terms must have been hard of digestion."

«Had not my duty, your Grace's commands, and his character as an Envoy restrained me," said Dunois, «he should have tried to digest them himself; for, by our Lady of Orleans, I had more mind to have made him eat his own words, than to have brought them to your Majesty."

«Body of me, Dunois," said the King, «it is strange that thou, one of the most impatient fellows alive, should'st have so little sympathy with the like infirmity in our blunt and fiery cousin, Charles of Burgundy. — Why, man, I mind his blustering messages no more than the powers of this Castle regard the whistling of the north-east wind, which comes from Flanders, as well as this brawling Envoy."

«Know then, sire," replied Dunois, «that the Count of Crevecœur tarries below with his retinue of pursuivants and trumpets, and says, that since your Majesty refuses him the audience which his master has instructed him to demand, upon matters of most pressing concern, he will

remain there till midnight, and accost your Majesty at whatever hour you are pleased to issue from your Castle, whether for business, exercise, or devotion; and that no consideration, except the use of absolute force, shall compel him to desist from this resolution."

«He is a fool," said the King, with much composure. «Does the hot-headed Hainaulter think it any penance for a man of sense to remain for twenty-four hours quiet within the walls of his Castle, when he hath the affairs of a kingdom to occupy him? These impatient coxcombs think that all men, like themselves, are miserable, save when in saddle and stirrup. Let the dogs be put up, and well looked to, gentle Dunois — We will hold council to-day, instead of hunting."

«My Liege," answered Dunois, «you will not thus rid yourself of Crevecœur; for his master's instructions are, that if he hath not this audience which he demands, he shall nail his gauntlet to the palisades before the Castle, in token of mortal defiance on the part of his master, shall renounce the Duke's fealty to France, and declare instant war."

«Ay," said Louis, without any perceptible alteration of voice, but frowning until his piercing dark eyes became almost invisible under his

shaggy eye brows, «is it even so? — will our ancient vassal prove so masterful — our dear cousin treat us thus unkindly? — Nay then, Dunois, we must unfold the *Oriflamme*, and cry *Dennis Montjoye!*"

«Marry and amen, and in a most happy hour!» said the martial Dunois; and the guards in the hall, unable to resist the same impulse, stirred each upon his post, so as to produce a low but distinct sound of clashing arms. The King cast his eye proudly round, and, for a moment, thought and looked like his heroic father.

But the excitement of the moment presently gave way to the host of political considerations, which, at that conjuncture, rendered an open breach with Burgundy so peculiarly perilous. Edward IV., a brave and victorious King, who had in his own person fought thirty battles, was now established on the throne of England, was brother to the Duchess of Burgundy, and, it might well be supposed, waited but a rupture between his near connection and Louis, to carry into France, through the ever-open gate of Calais, those arms which had been triumphant in the civil wars, and to obliterate the recollection of civil dissentions by that most popular of all occupations amongst the English, an invasion of France. To this consideration was added the un-

certain faith of the Duke of Bretagne, and other weighty subjects of reflection. So that after a deep pause, when Louis again spoke, although in the same tone, it was with an altered spirit. „But God forbid," he said, „that aught less than necessity should make us, the Most Christian King, give cause to the effusion of Christian blood, if any thing short of dishonour may avert such a calamity. We tender our subjects' safety dearer than the ruffle which our own dignity may receive from the rude breath of a malapert ambassador, who hath perhaps exceeded the errand with which he was charged. — Admit the Envoy of Burgundy to our presence."

„*Beati pacifici*," said the Cardinal Balue.

„True; and your eminence knoweth that they who humble themselves shall be exalted," added the King.

The Cardinal spoke an Amen, to which few assented; for even the pale cheek of Orleans kindled with shame, and Balafré suppressed his feelings so little as to let the butt-end of his partizan fall heavily on the floor, — a movement of impatience for which he underwent a bitter reproof from the Cardinal, with a lecture on the mode of handling his arms when in presence of the Sovereign. The King himself seemed unusually embarrassed at the silence around him.

«You are pensive, Dunois," he said — «You disapprove of our giving way to this hot-headed Envoy."

«By no means," said Dunois; «I meddle not with matters beyond my sphere. I was but thinking of asking a boon of your Majesty."

«A boon, Dunois — what is it? — You are an unfrequent suitor, and may count on our favour."

«I would, then, your Majesty would send me to Evreux, to regulate the clergy," said Dunois, with military frankness.

«That were indeed beyond thy sphere," replied the King, smiling.

«I might order priests as well," replied the Count, «as my Lord Bishop of Evreux, or my Lord Cardinal, if he likes the title better, can exercise the soldiers of your Majesty's guard."

The King smiled again, and more mysteriously, while he whispered Dunois, «The time may come when you and I will regulate the priests together — But this is for the present a good conceited animal of a Bishop. Ah! Dunois — Rome, Rome puts him and other burthens upon us — But patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards, till our hand is a stronger one." *

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* Dr Dryasdust here remarks, that cards, said

The flourish of the trumpets in the court-yard now announced the arrival of the Burgundian nobleman. All in the presence-chamber made haste to arrange themselves according to their proper places of precedence, the King and his daughters remaining in the centre of the assembly.

The Count of Crevecœur, a renowned and undaunted warrior, entered the apartment; and, contrary to the usage among the envoys of friendly powers, he appeared all armed, excepting his head, in a gorgeous suit of the most superb Milan armour, made of steel, inlaid and embossed with gold, which was wrought into the fantastic taste called the Arabesque. Around his neck, and over his polished curiass, hung his master's order of the Golden Fleece, one of the most honoured associations of chivalry then known in Christendom. A handsome page bore his helmet behind him, a herald preceded him,

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to have been invented in a preceding reign, for the amusement of Charles V. during the intervals of his mental disorder, seem speedily to have become common among the courtiers, since they already furnished Louis XI. with a metaphor. The same proverb was quoted by Durandarte, in the enchanted cave of Montesinos.

bearing his letters of credence, which he offered on his knee to the King; while the ambassador himself paused in the midst of the hall, as if to give present time to admire his lofty look, commanding stature, and undaunted composure of countenance and manner. The rest of his attendants waited in the anti-chamber, or court-yard.

«Approach, Seignor Count de Crevecœur," said Louis, after a moment's glance at his commission; «we need not our Cousin's letters of credence, either to introduce to us a warrior so well known, or to assure us of your highly deserved credit with your master. We trust that your fair partner, who shares some of our ancestral blood, is in good health. Had you brought her in your hand, Seignor Count, we might have thought you wore your armour, on this unwonted occasion, to maintain the superiority of her charms against the amorous chivalry of France. As it is, we cannot guess the reason of this complete panoply."

«Sire," replied the ambassador, «the Count of Crevecœur must lament his misfortune, and entreat your forgiveness, that he cannot, on this occasion, reply with such humble deference as is due to the royal courtesy with which your Majesty has honoured him. But although it is only the voice of Philipp Crevecœur de Cordès

which speaks, the words which he utters must be those of his gracious Lord and Sovereign the Duke of Burgundy."

«And what has Crevecœur to say in the words of Burgundy?" said Louis, with an assumption of sufficient dignity. «Yet hold — remember, that in this presence, Philip Crevecœur de Cordès speaks to him whom he calls his Sovereign's Sovereign."

Crevecœur bowed, and then spoke aloud: — «King of France, the mighty Duke of Burgundy once more sends you a written schedule of the wrongs and oppressions committed on his frontiers by your Majesty's garrisons and officers; and the first point of inquiry is, whether it is your Majesty's purpose to make him amends for these injuries?"

The King, looking slightly at the memorial which the herald delivered to him upon his knee, said, «These matters have been already long before our Council. Of the injuries complained of, some are in requital of those sustained by my subjects, some are affirmed without any proof, some have been retaliated by the Duke's garrisons and soldiers; and if there remain any which fall under none of those predicaments, we are not, as a Christian prince, averse to make satisfaction

for wrongs actually sustained by our neighbour, though committed not only without our countenance, but against our express order."

«I will convey your Majesty's answer," said the ambassador, «to my most gracious master; yet, let me say, that as it is in no degree different from the evasive replies which have already been returned to his just complaints, I cannot hope that it will afford the means of re-establishing peace and friendship betwixt France and Burgundy."

«Be that at God's pleasure," said the King. «It is not for dread of thy Master's arms, but for the sake of peace only, that I return so temperate an answer to his injurious reproaches. Proceed with thine errand."

«My Master's next demand," said the Ambassador, «is, that your Majesty will cease your secret and underhand dealings with his towns of Ghent, Liege, and Malines. He requests that your Majesty will recall the secret agents, by whose means the discontents of his good citizens of Flanders are inflamed; and dismiss from your Majesty's dominions, or rather deliver up to the condign punishment of their liege lord, those traitorous fugitives, who, having fled from the scene of their machinations, have found too

ready a refuge in Paris, Orleans, Tours, and other French cities."

«Say to the Duke of Burgundy," replied the King, «that I know of no such indirect practices as those with which he injuriously charges me; that my subjects of France have frequent intercourse with the good cities of Flanders, for the purpose of mutual benefit by free traffic, which it would be as much contrary to the Duke's interest as to mine to interrupt; and that many Flemings have residence in my kingdom, and enjoy the protection of my laws, for the same purpose; but none, to our knowledge, for those of treason or mutiny against the Duke. Proceed with your message — you have heard my answer."

«As formerly, Sire, with pain," replied the Count of Crevecœur; «it not being of that direct or explicit nature which the Duke, my master, will accept, in atonement for a long train of secret machinations, not the less certain, though now disavowed by your Majesty. But I proceed with my message. The Duke of Burgundy further requires the King of France to send back to his dominions without delay, and under a secure safe guard, the persons of Isabelle Countess of Croye, and of her relation and guardian the Countess Hameline, of the same family, in respect

the said Countess Isabelle, being by the law of the country, and the feudal tenure of her estates, the ward of the said Duke of Burgundy, hath fled from his dominions, and from the charge which he, as a careful Prince, was willing to extend over her, and is here maintained in secret by the King of France, and by him fortified in her contumacy to the Duke, her natural lord and guardian, contrary to the laws of God and man, as they ever have been acknowledged in civilized Europe. — Once more I pause for your Majesty's reply."

«You did well, Count De Crevecœur," said Louis, scornfully, «to begin your embassy at an early hour; for, if it be your purpose to call on me to account for the flight of every vassal whom your master's heady passion may have driven from his dominions, the bead-roll may last till sun-set. Who can affirm that these ladies are in my dominions? who can presume to say, if it be so, that I have either countenanced their flight hither, or have received them with offers of protection?"

«Sire," said Crevecœur, «may it please your Majesty, I *was* provided with a witness on this subject — one who beheld these fugitive ladies in the inn called the Fleur-de-Lys, not far from this Castle — one who saw your Majesty in their company, though under the unworthy disguise

of a burgess of Tours — one who received from them, in your royal presence, messages and letters to their friends in Flanders — all which he conveyed to the hand and ear of the Duke of Burgundy."

«Bring him forward," said the King; «place the man before my face who dares maintain these palpable falsehoods."

«You speak in triumph, my lord; for you are well aware that this witness exists no longer. When he lived, he was called Zamet Magraubin, by birth one of those Bohemian wanderers. He was yesterday, as I have learned, executed by a party of your Majesty's Provost-Marshal, to prevent, doubtless, his standing here, to verify what he said of this matter to the Duke of Burgundy, in presence of his Council, and of me, Philip Crevecœur de Cordès."

«Now, by our Lady of Embrun!" said the King, «so gross are these accusations, and so free of consciousness am I of aught that approaches them, that, by the honour of a King, I laugh, rather than am wroth at them. My Provost-guard put to death, as is their duty, thieves and vagabonds; and my crown is to be slandered with whatsoever these thieves and vagabonds may have said to our hot cousin of Burgundy

and his wise counsellors! I pray you, tell my kind cousin, if he loves such companions, he had best keep them in his own estates; for here they are like to meet short shrift and a tight cord."

«My master needs no such subjects, Sir King," answered the Count, in a tone more disrespectful than he had yet permitted himself to make use of; «for the noble Duke uses not to inquire of witches, wandering Egyptians, or others, upon the destiny and fate of his neighbours and allies."

«We have had patience enough, and to spare," said the King, interrupting him; «and since thy sole errand here seems to be for the purpose of insult, we will send some one in our name to the Duke of Burgundy — convinced, in thus demeaning thyself towards us, thou hast exceeded thy commission, whatever that may have been."

«On the contrary," said Crevecœur, «I have not yet acquitted myself of it. Hearken, Louis of Valois, King of France — Hearken, nobles and gentlemen, who may be present — Hearken, all good and true men — And thou, Toison d'Or," addressing the herald, «make proclamation after me. — I, Philip Crevecœur of Cordes, Count of the Empire, and Knight of the honourable and princely Order of the Golden Fleece, in the name of the most puissant Lord and Prince, Charles,

by the Grace of God, Duke of Burgundy and Lothairingia, of Brabant and Limbourg, of Luxembourg and of Gueldres; Earl of Flanders and of Artois; Count Palatine of Hainault, of Holland, Zealand, Namur, and Zutphen; Marquis of the Holy Empire; Lord of Friezeland, Salines, and Malines, do give you, Louis, King of France, openly to know, that you having refused to remedy the various griefs, wrongs, and offences, done and wrought by you, or by and through your aid, suggestion, and instigation, against the said Duke and his loving subjects, he, by my mouth, renounces all allegiance and fealty towards your crown and dignity — pronounces you false and faithless; and defies you as a Prince, and as a man. There lies my gage, in evidence of what I have said."

So saying, he plucked the gauntlet off his right hand, and flung it down on the floor of the hall.

Until this last climax of audacity, there had been a deep silence in the royal apartment during the extraordinary scene; but no sooner had the clash of the gauntlet, when cast down, been echoed by the deep voice of Toison d'Or, the Burgundian herald, with the ejaculation, „Vive Bourgogne!" than there was a general tumult. While Dunois, Orleans, old Lord Crawford, and one or two others, whose rank authorized their interference,

contended which should lift up the gauntlet, the others in the hall exclaimed, «Strike him down! Cut him to pieces! Comes he here to insult the King of France in his own palace!"

But the King appeased the tumult by exclaiming, in a voice like thunder, which overawed and silenced every other sound, «Silence, my lieges! lay not a hand on the man, not a finger on the gage! — And you, Sir Count, of what is your life composed, or how is it warranted, that you thus place it on the cast of a die so perilous? Or is your Duke made of a different metal from other princes, since he thus asserts his pretended quarrel in a manner so unusual?"

«He is indeed framed of a different and more noble metal than the other princes of Europe," said the undaunted Count of Crevecœur; «for, when not one of them dared to give shelter to you — to *you*, I say, King Louis — when you were an exile from France, and pursued by the whole bitterness of your father's revenge, and all the power of his kingdom, you were received and protected like a brother by my noble master, whose generosity of disposition you have so grossly misused. Farewell, Sire, my mission is discharged."

So saying, the Count de Crevecœur left the

apartment abruptly, and without further leave-taking.

«After him — after him — take up the gauntlet and after him!" said the King. «— I mean not you, Dunois, nor you, my Lord of Crawford, who, methinks, may be too old for such hot frays; nor you, Cousin of Orleans, who are too young for them. — My Lord Cardinal — my Lord Bishop of Auxerre — it is your holy office to make peace among princes; — do you lift the gauntlet, and remonstrate with Count Crevecœur on the sin he has committed, in thus insulting a great Monarch in his own Court, and forcing us to bring the miseries of war upon his kingdom and that of his neighbour."

Upon this direct personal appeal, the Cardinal Balue proceeded to lift the gauntlet, with such precaution as one would touch an adder, — so great was apparently his aversion to this symbol of war, — and presently left the royal apartment to hasten after the challenger.

Louis paused and looked round the circle of his courtiers, most of whom, except such as we have already distinguished, being men of low birth, and raised to their rank in the King's household for other gifts than courage or feats of arms, looked pale on each other, and had

obviously received an unpleasant impression from the scene which had been just acted. Louis gazed on them with contempt, and then said aloud, «Although the Count of Crevecœur be presumptuous and overweening, it must be confessed that in him the Duke of Burgundy hath as bold a servant as ever bore message for a prince. I would I knew where to find as faithful an Envoy to carry back my answer."

«You do your French nobles injustice, Sire," said Dunois; «not one of them but would carry a defiance to Burgundy on the point of his sword."

«And, Sire," said old Crawford, «you wrong also the Scottish gentlemen who serve you. I, or any of my followers, being of meet rank, would not hesitate a moment to call yonder proud Count to a reckoning; my own arm is yet strong enough for the purpose, if I have but your Majesty's permission."

«But your Majesty," continued Dunois, «will employ us in no service through which we may win honour to ourselves, to your Majesty, or to France."

«Say rather," said the King, «that I will not give way, Dunois, to the headlong impetuosity, which, on some knight-errant punctilio, would

wreck yourselves, the throne, France, and all. There is not one of you who knows not how precious every hour of peace is at this moment, when so necessary to heal the wounds of a distracted country; yet there is not one of you who would not rush into war on account of the tale of a wandering gipsey, or of some errant demosel whose reputation, perhaps, is scarce higher. — Here comes the Cardinal, and we trust with more pacific tidings. — How now, my Lord — have you brought the Count to reason and to temper?"

«Sire," said Balue, «my task hath been difficult. I put it to yonder proud Count, how he dared to use towards your Majesty, the presumptuous reproach with which his audience had broken up, and which must be understood as proceeding, not from his master, but from his own insolence, and as placing him therefore in your Majesty's discretion, for what penalty you might think proper."

«You said right," replied the King; «and what was his answer?"

«The Count," continued the Cardinal, «had at that moment his foot in the stirrup, ready to mount; and, on hearing my expostulation, he turned his head without altering his position.

'Had I,' said he, 'been fifty leagues distant, and had heard by report that a question vituperative of my Prince had been asked by the King of France, I had, even at that distance, instantly mounted, and returned to disburthen my mind of the answer which I gave him but now.'"

«I said, sirs," said the King, turning around, without any shew of angry emotion, «that in the Count Philip of Crevecœur, our cousin the Duke possesses as worthy a servant as ever rode at a prince's right hand. — But you prevailed with him to stay?"

«To stay for twenty-four hours; and in the meanwhile to receive again his gage of defiance," said the Cardinal: «he has dismounted at the Fleur-de-Lys."

«See that he be nobly attended and cared for, at our charges," said the King; «such a servant is a jewel in a prince's crown. — Twenty-four hours?" he added, muttering to himself, and looking as if he were stretching his eyes to see into futurity; «twenty-four hours? — 'tis of the shortest. Yet twenty-four hours, ably and skilfully employed, may be worth a year in the hand of indolent or incapable agents. — Well. — To the forest — to the forest, my gallant lords! — Orleans, my fair kinsman, lay aside that modesty,

though it becomes you; mind not my Joan's coyness. The Loire may as soon avoid mingling with the Cher, as she from favouring your suit, or you from preferring it," he added, as the unhappy prince moved slowly on after his betrothed bride. «And now for your boar-spears, gentlemen; for Allegre, my pricker, hath harboured one that will try both dog and man. — Dunois, lend me your spear, — take mine, it is too weighty for me; but when did *you* complain of such a fault in your lance? — To horse — to horse, gentlemen."

And all the chase rode on.

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